The Bethel News.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF BETHEL AND SURROUNDING TOWNS.

$1.25 Per Year, in advance. BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 27, 1897. Vol. II. No. 35

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ARRANGEMENT OF MAILS.

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GOING WEST, 10.10 a. m. 4.15 p. m. For Albany 4.30 p. m. For Lakeside and Intermediate offices, 11.45 a. m.

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FROM EAST 11.00 a. m. 4.45 p. m. From Portland and points beyond 7. a. m.
FROM WEST 7. a. m. 10. a. m. From Albany 3.15 p. m. From Lakeside and Intermediate offices 2.30 p. m.
OFFICE HOURS; 7 a. m., to 8.30 p. m., Sundays 12 M to 12.30 p. m., 6 to 6.30 p. m.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street.

Pastor, Rev. A. Hamilton, Residence, Main Street.
SABBATH SERVICE, Preaching 10.45 a. m., Sunday School 12 m., Epworth League Devotional Service, 6.15 p m., Gospel Meeting, 7.00 P. M.
MONDAY, Epworth League business and literary Meeting first Monday in each Month.
TUESDAY Class Meeting at 7.30.
WEDNESDAY, Ladies' Circle first and third Wednesday evening of each month.
FRIDAY, Prayer meeting 7.30.
SATURDAY, Junior League 2.30 p. m.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH,

Rev. F. E. Barton. Pastor. Residence next door to church.
SABBATH SERVICES; Preaching 10.45 a. m.; Sunday School 12 M.; Y. P. C. U. 7.00 p. m.

CONGREGATIONALIST CHURCH,

Rev. Israel Jordan Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES; Preaching 10.45 a. m.; Sunday School 12 m.; Y. P. S. C. E. 6.00 p. m.; Prayer Meeting 7.00 p. m.; Wednesday Eve'g Prayer Meeting 7.30 p. m.

MIDDLE INTERVALE BAPTIST CHURCH.

SABBATH SERVICE, Preaching at 10 30 by Mr. Geo. F. Green; Sunday School 12. m. C. E. S. at 4. p. m. Wednesday. Social service 4 p. m.

SOCIETIES.

ODD FELLOWS.

MOUNT ABRAM LODGE No. 31. Meetings: Saturday evening each week. Officers:—N. G., Wallace Farwell V. G., W. T. Gunther Per. Sec'y, Henry Farwell. Rec. Sec'y. C. C. Bryant, Treas. S. I. French.
Trustees. { C. Bisbee, G. A. Burbank, E. S. Kilborne.

SUNSET REBEKAH LODGE, No. 64, meet 1st and 3rd Monday at I. O. O. F. Hall. —Officers; N. G., Anna French; V. G., Minnie Frost; F. Sec., Marcia Hastings; R. Sec . Jennie Gibson Treas. Ellen Burbank; War., Marcia York; R. S. N. G., Susie Frost; L. S. N. G., Ava Finney; R. S. V. G., Eva Barker; L. S. V. G., Ella Bryant; Chap., Jennie Philbrook; I. G., Lydia Parker; O. G., T B Kendall. Con. M. Gibson.

MASONIC.

BETHEL LODGE, No. 97., Reg. Com., 2d Thursday every month., E. S. Kilborn, Master, J. H. Barrows. S. W., C. E. Abbott, Jr, J. W., M. W. Chandler, Treas., J. C. Billings, Sec.
OXFORD R. A. C. No. 29., Stated Convocation 3d Thursday, every month, D. G. Lovejoy, Z. P., L. T. Barker, K., Chas Mason, S., J. C. Billings O. H., J. A. Morton, P. S., N. E. Richardson, R. A. C., M. W. Chandler, Sec , E. S. Kilborn, Treas.

GRAND ARMY.

BROWN POST, No 84, A. H. Hutchinson P. C., A. M. True Adj't. Stated meetings first and third Tuesday evening each month.
THE W. R. C. Meet first and third Tuesday evening, of each month, Mrs. Mary Bean, President, Mrs. Cyrene Littlehale, Sec

UNITED ORDER OF THE GOLDEN CROSS.

GRAND VIEW COMMANDERY, No. 484. meets 2nd and 4th Monday evenings at 7.30., J. H. Barrows, Noble Commander., Mrs. Carrie Arno, Vice., Fannie Bisbee, Nob. Keeper of Records., Mrs. Sophronia W. Grover, Financial Keeper of Rec. Calvin Bisbee Worthy Treas. Dr. J. A. Morton, Worthy Pastor, T. H. Durell, Worthy Herald.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS.

HELPING HAND LODGE No. 227, meet every Thursday evening at Ladies Relief Corps Hall.— Officers; Chief Templar, E. A. Barker, Vice Templar, Vira Parker. Secretary, Fred Farwell; Financial Secretary Jennie Merrill. Treasurer, C. H. Davis Chaplain, Mrs. C. O. Foster; Marshal, F. Eastman. D. M. Frank Leach. Guard, E. Hutchinson, Sent. Chas. King. L. D., C. O. Foster.

UNITED ORDER OF PILGRIM FATHERS.

SUDBURY COL., No. 50; J. C. Billings Gov; E. C. Park. Secy; E. S. Kilborn, Treas. M. W. Chandler, collector.

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Notices under this head inserted one week for 25 cents. Three weeks for 50 cents.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

A House on High street. 7 rooms. City Water. Rent only $6. a month. Inquire of

J. B. Chapman.

FOR RENT.

The house just vacated by Miss E. E. Burnham, No. 2 Park St. This is one of the most desirable rents in this village. The house has 7 rooms, and is in first class repair.

Ceylon Rowe.

For Sale.

An elegant new White Sewing Machine. Has drop head and all the latest improvements. Will be sold very cheap for cash or will be sold on installment plan.

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{ We have For Sale a Quantity of... }

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ALSO a lot of nice SHOATS that weigh from 50 to 100 lbs.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

NEWS ABOUT HOME.

WHAT OUR PEOPLE ARE DOING. ITEMS OF INTEREST, ETC., ETC.

"A CITY THAT IS SET ON A HILL CANNOT BE HID."

Coins for 1897 are in circulation.

How many diaries are being kept up?

The winds these days play havoc with hats.

This changeable weather, like coasting, has its drawbacks.

A dentist always bores people and gets paid for doing it.

Judge Woodbury was in South Paris on business last week.

There was no service at the Congregational church last Sunday.

The snow plows did the first hard work of the season last Friday.

A small boy wants to know why people chop down trees and then chop them up.

Miss Purington was unable to teach Monday or Tuesday on account of illness.

The Literary Circle of the M. E. society will meet to-morrow afternoon with Mrs. C. Bisbee.

The Columbian Club held an interesting meeting with Miss Alice Billings Saturday P. M.

Hon. James Wright was in Bethel Thursday on business connected with the estate of D. M. Grover.

The members of the Epworth League will be entertained this evening at the home of Miss Lutie Fox.

Election of officers at the Good Templars next Friday evening, 7.30, sharp. A good attendance is desired.

There was but one session of school in the brick school-building Thursday on account of the severe storm.

Miss Daisy Dixon has returned from Gorham Normal School and will remain with her aunt, Mrs. L. T. Barker.

You can hear the moaning of the tied without visiting Bar Harbor, when divorce cases are on at supreme court.

Next Sabbath will be observed as "Young People's Day" at the Universalist church. Special services, both morning and evening.

Dr. Bunting has received news of the sudden death of his brother in St. John, N. B. His book on Free Masonry is considered one of the best on that subject.

The sound of the chair factory whistle was a cause of rejoicing Thursday, as they had been obliged to shut down for want of snow. Teams started to haul lumber Friday.

A pension has been allowed Nelson B. Mann of Hanover, Me., of 12 dollars a month, through the Bethel pension agency of J. G. Rich, with over two hundred dollars back pay.

The funeral of the son of Albert Richardson took place at the home of his father, Sunday P. M. Mr. Richardson had been a great sufferer for several weeks. The family have the sympathy of their many friends.

Mother's Day will be observed at the Brick Building as follows: Thursday A. M., Miss Gibson's room; Thursday P. M., Miss Shaw's room; Friday A. M., Miss Kimball's room; Friday P. M., Miss Twombly's room. Parents and friends are cordially invited to be present.

The Ladies' Circle of the M. E. church enjoyed a very pleasant occasion at Relief Corps Hall last Wednesday evening. Among the literary exercises were select readings by Mrs. Ada Durrell, Miss Ethel Morse and Miss Ellen Douglass, and singing by Mrs. C. O. Foster and Miss Minnie Capen.

One thing is certain. It will not do to fool with a bad cold. No one can tell what the end will be. Pneumonia, catarrh, chronic bronchitis, if not consumption, invariably result from a neglected cold. It is surprising too, that bad colds are so often neglected when one remembers how easily and at what little expense they may be cured. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is prompt and effectual, and costs but a trifle; 25 or 50 cents is a trifle as compared with the disastrous effects of a neglected cold. Mr. Abner Mercer of Dilworthtown, Chester County, Pa., in speaking of this remedy, said: "Sometime ago I had a bad cold and cough. I tried almost everything. Finally Mr. Hunt, the druggist, recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and one 50 cent bottle of it cured me entirely." For sale by G. R. Wiley Bethel, and G. O. Jones Bryant's Pond.

The C. E. has been obliged to postpone, indefinitely, the "Mystery Social."

The Ladies' Club will meet with Mrs. Newton Richardson Thursday P. M. 2.30.

Mrs. Decoster, wife of Dr. Decoster of Rumford Falls, is the guest of Mrs. Horace Andrews.

Miss Jordan, who has been here to aid in the care of her nephew, Louis, returned to Casco Monday.

The friends of Mrs. Hannibal Grover of West Bethel are sorry to hear of her illness, and hope to hear of her recovery soon.

Others have found health, vigor and vitality in Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it surely has power to help you also. Why not try it?

A very interesting paper entitled "The Good Templars' Budget," edited by Miss Florence Abbott, was read for the entertainment of the Good Templars at their meeting last Friday evening, and the subscription price, "attention," was willingly paid by all.

A sad accident occurred at the chair factory Monday; Mr. Arthur Barker, while running the board saw, was rolling over a large log, when the cant-dog slipped off, letting him over backwards; the fall resulted in putting his ankle out of joint and breaking the ankle about three inches above the joint. He has the sympathy of his friends at the factory.

Card of Thanks.

We wish through the NEWS to extend our sincere thanks to the neighbors who so kindly assisted us during the illness, death and burial of our son. Also to the choir who furnished music at the funeral, and to those who furnished the many beautiful flowers.

A. B. Richardson.
M. A. Richardson.

Y. P. C. U.

Next Sunday, Jan. 31st, will be observed by the Universalist churches throughout the United States as Young People's Sunday. At the Universalist church, Bethel, there will be special exercises in the morning, the discourse and music being appropriate to the occasion. In the evening the Union will hold a special meeting in the church. Special preparation will be made. The meeting will be in charge of the young people, and conducted by them. There will be a few papers prepared especially for the occasion. The monthly Consecration Service will be observed. Effort will be made to make this the best and most interesting observance of the day that our church has ever had. It is hoped that all will show their interest in the work by attending. Let every member of the Union be present and assist in the exercises of the evening. This Union is in a most prosperous condition and gaining in membership each day. Its work is becoming effective. It is only by devotion to the cause that it can be kept so. Let this devotion be shown next Sabbath.

GLEANINGS.

It is reported that Senator Sherman has accepted the portfolio of secretary of state.

The death of Gen. Francis A. Walker of Boston, is sincerely regretted in the scientific and literary world.

The next International Convention of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will be held in San Francisco in July, 1897.

Chairman Dingley of the ways and means committee says he doubts if the new tariff bill will be finished before the fourth of March, and if it is, there is no intention of laying it before the house until the extra session.

The appearance of the stamp of the so-called Cuban republic in the United States mails was the source of some discussion at the Post office department as to whether such stamps could be recognized as proper transmission of mails into the United States.

The MECHANIC FALLS LEDGER tells the following stove story which will be appreciated by many who purchased stoves of travelling agents last fall: The manager of a mule caravan was trying to sell a stove in the town of Oxford. He wished to put one into a house on trial, but the owner resisted the temptation. The agent insisted on knowing why. "Why? Because I think I know my own business as well as any jackass driver on the road."

WAR REMINISCENCES

OF THE BETHEL COMPANY,

Company I, Fifth Maine Regiment.

BY COL. CLARK S. EDWARDS.

NUMBER IV.

General Hooker directed General Sedgwick to move with the Sixth Corps toward Chancellorsville, and he with the main army on the one side and Sedgwick on the other, would use Lee up. Brooks' division, in which was the Fifth Maine regiment, took the lead and advanced as far as Salem Church, passing through Fredericksburg on the Gordonsville plank road.

When a short distance from the city, we halted and ate our hard-tack, having had nothing to eat for twelve hours. After a rest of half an hour or more, for the other division to come up, the order came to fall in. We were soon in line and advancing, though we had gone but a short distance when the enemy was encountered. A line of battle was at once formed. The rebel pickets were driven back and the battle begun in earnest on the extreme right. The Fifth Maine was in the front line on the left in Bartlett Brigade.

Gradually the fight came toward us, and it was not long before we were hotly engaged, our line having been swung around, so that we were within seventy-five or a hundred yards of Salem Church, in a thick growth of small timber. While waiting here, the order was given to lie down flat upon the ground with muskets loaded and capped ready for the terrible storm that was about to break upon us.

Such a murderous fire was poured upon us on only two other occasions, May 10, '64, Spottsylvania Court House, and on May 12, '64, at Spottsylvania, Bloody Angle. As that noble regiment, the 121st New York, fell back, there remained on our right but one small regiment, the 96th Pennsylvania.

In a short time the Fifth Maine was the only regiment on line of battle. As we lay there, we could distinctly hear the rebel forces running to get round our left flank. Realizing the great danger of this movement, we gave the order, "Up! Fire low! Ready! Fire!" A deafening volley was discharged. The next order was "Load and fire as fast as possible." A minute later Adj. General R. P. Wilson, of General Bartlett's staff, rode up to our line, saying, "For God's sake, Colonel, get your men out of this as quickly as possible, for you are nearly surrounded." As he turned to ride away his horse was shot from under him.

The order was given to fall back, which was promptly obeyed, though a sharp fire upon the foe was kept up till the main line was reached. The regiment fell back thirty or forty rods. We then rallied and reformed our lines, opening fire on the enemy, who had followed us across an open field, driving them back into the woods, where they were shelled by our batteries of 24-guns for forty-five minutes or more, in the vicinity of Salem Church. During the engagement, so hotly and severely contested, when excitement was at its height, more than one soldier neglected to withdraw his ramrod from his gun, firing it with the bullet.

To say that the men of the Bethel Company with others performed this day deeds of which our people may well be proud, but partly tells the story of the bravery and heroism displayed. During the day the regiment lost one third of the members with which we started in the morning, the loss being one hundred and one.

As night came on we fell back nearly a hundred rods and bivouacked for the night, with no covering but that of the heavens. The few survivors of the Bethel Company will ever remember that fatal 3rd of May, and the battle of Salem Church. It was here that Edward G. Sturgis of Walker's Mills was killed. Sturgis joined the Company in November, 1861. As many of our people may not know who he was, I will say that he was a brother of the wife of the late Hosea Ripley at Walker's Mills. Sturgis was a good soldier and bravely did his duty.

James Miller of the Bethel Company was killed in the second line of battle. He joined the Company while in camp at White Oak Church, Va., soon after the first battle of Fredericksburg under Burnside. His native place was Plymouth, Mass. I remember him as a boy of sixteen. He was always ready to do his part in camp or battle, and it was a mystery to me why he should leave that old, old town in Massachusetts, to enlist in a company made up so largely from the hills of Oxford county.

Among the many who were severely wounded at Salem Church was Charles Dunham, who enlisted in the Bethel Company, May 1, 1861. He was living in Mason at the time of his enlistment, though we regarded him almost as a Bethel boy, he having been in my employ in 1857, when the Greenwood road was built. Dunham was a soldier who bravely and cheerfully did his duty. Soon after the close of the war, he accepted a responsible position in the light house department, and was stationed near Boston for several years. He is now living in Mason on the road leading to North Albany. His wife is the daughter of N. G. Mills of Mason.

At Salem Church Samuel N. Peabody and two or three other members of the Company were slightly wounded.

On Sunday morning, this third of May, Brooks' division numbered 7000 men for duty, at seven o'clock; twelve hours later, the division could not have mustered 4000. I still mourn for lost ones who fell that fatal third of May, one of whom I will speak of in my next number.

While in camp near Fort Lyon, Corporal Anger J. Mitchell of Mexico died Sept. 2, 1861, being the first man to die in camp from the Company. Mitchell joined the Company in Portland, being one of the men selected from the Bryant's Pond company. He was a stout, robust fellow at the time of his enlistment, but one of the first to break down. He did very little duty after the battle of Bull Run. At the time of his death, I went to Washington and got permission of General Mansfield, who was in charge of the Transportation Department, to have his remains sent to his home in Maine.

Albert K. Perry, son of Samuel Perry of West Paris, was the second man of the Bryant's Pond squad to die in the hospital. He was sick for some time at Mount Eagle, and was finally carried to Washington, where he died Sept. 18, 1862. He was a young man of seventeen or eighteen years of age at the time of his death. He had excellent habits and exemplary character, giving promise of a noble manhood, had his young life been spared.

On August 7, 1862, the Company lost James C. Ayer, who died in the camp hospital near Harrison's Landing. Aye was a son of Timothy Agers, who lived near the old church at Bean's Corner. Camp fever was the cause of his death. He was one of the first men to enlist in the Bethel Company, and was ever ready to respond to the call of duty. He was a true and trusted soldier, and was deservedly popular among his comrades. He was buried near Fortress Monroe, if I am not mistaken.

The next member of the Company who died in the hospital was Aaron F. Jackson. He came from Gorham, N. H., with Milo C. Walker and Nelson Rice, May 6th or 7th, 1861, and was one of our members when we left Bethel. His home was near Quebec. He cheerfully did whatever was required, either in camp or battle. He died in the Lincoln hospital Jan. 3, 1863.

Sergeant Levi W. Dolloff of the Company died at Fairfax hospital, Camp Franklin, Va., early in 1862. He was a native of Rumford, though he was working for the Grand Trunk Railroad Co., at Gorham, N. H., I think, at the beginning of the war. He came to Bethel with three or four others, and joined the Company, being one of the number who left our station on that memorable May morning in 1861.

Permission was given me by General Mansfield to send his remains to his home in New Hampshire. Many of our people attended the funeral at Gorham, where he was buried.

Dolloff was a man who made many friends. His comrades were deeply moved by his untimely death. Had he lived through the war, his record would doubtless have been a brilliant one, judging from the faithful and heroic service that he rendered while with us.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Gained in Weight.

Bowdoinham, Me., Dec. 14, 1896.

We are very much pleased with the Rainy Day Puzzle which was sent for three trade marks from Hood's Sarsaparilla and eight cents in stamps. When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was all run down and my blood was very poor. I have taken four bottles and have gained several pounds in weight. I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla to be the best blood purifier.

Mrs. Charles H. Welsh.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness, indigestion.

CIVILIZATION.

Wherein does man differ from the brute creation, save in his more extended development?

The same instincts are inherent in the one as in the other. The parent beast will be found displaying an intense paternal affection if its offspring is in danger. Even the least pugnacious in all the vast family of bird, reptile or beast will brook all danger to protect its own.

With man's superior development comes a more intense hatred, when hate holds sway, and with all our boasted regard for equal rights and human life, counting the latter sacred above all things else, how often, with man's mastery in mechanical skill, is born a desire to create machines for infernal torture, engines of war, whereby the greater mass of humanity may be exterminated in the least given time.

War, conquest and power has been the governing impulse of man and beast for all time. The strong to crush the weak is the ruling passion, plainly apparent in all phases of both the human and the animal nature. The stronger subsisting on the weaker may be observed from the lower insects that crawl upon the sod to the more powerful animal creation, reserving for man the will to govern all.

We boast of our civilization. Presented to the youthful student in his first lessons in geography are the types of humanity, civilized, half civilized, barbarous, etc. Civilized! When we consider the matter of human greed and "man's inhumanity to man", would it not seem that "half civilized" would prove the highest limit to which we have attained?

Go out among the moving things of earth. Behold the stronger pursuing the weaker, even to extermination!

To the farmer—observe your herd. Away in one corner stands an animal beaten by all the herd. It stands aloof, mute and meek. The farmer obtains another animal and adds to his herd. Being in a strange herd, frightened, it flees at the approach of every shadow. Now is the time for our meek underling; he flies at the new comer on every occasion presented, gores and goads at every turn.

So with human cattle, developed in the individual, parties and nations. The boy who has been an underling, when he gains a mastery over one, will claim indemnity of him for all his former woes. One faction will gloat over a weaker, and nations will oppress nations in order to sate inborn avarice and greed, that the one may revel in luxury at the expense of the other.

Man seeks greatness; he desires to be honored of his kind; and we Americans ape the manners and customs, in the matter of honorary titles, of the old monarchies. The "Hon." So and So. Nothing less than "Esq." will suffice. Toadyism is everywhere apparent. Newspapers and their correspondents in many cases seem to vie with their contemporaries in leading off in this one direction, until modest people often tire of this weakness and suggest that certain names with their titles attached should be constantly in type. It is no honor, for it is notoriously apparent that many of these titles are bought with a price, and are as likely, and more than likely, to fall to the lot of a knave as to an honorable man. In evidence of this, we are conversant of the fact that some men request that they may be spared.

We have mentioned the matter of civilization in connection with a desire on the part of mankind to invent the more destructive machines for the taking of human life, and this may not be wholly without its good effects.

When the time comes that an invading army is conscious of utter annihilation, then, and not till then, will their swords be turned into pruning-hooks and wars cease, causing one step in the advancement of civilization.

No, we are not all bad. Within our heart-cells may be found both good and bad, and why the bad, is beyond our comprehension.

When the good is stirred to its depths, men are moved to self-sacrificing and truly heroic deeds—deeds of love and benevolence joined to charity, creating a desire to better the condition of mankind.

Some believe that the good or bad may be developed at our individual option. If this be so, what a grand old world this might be made if all were thus minded. But why suppose? Why philosophize? It is as it is, and all the well paid optimists in Christendom do not seem to change matters.

But why draw so gloomy a picture, you may ask. Because I draw from life. The subject is before us in all its glaring colors. Civilization, at the close of the nineteenth century, looks upon Armenia and Cuba and winks at the barbarous deeds for which all nations should be held responsible. And even in our own nation, a land of beauty and bloom, a land of plenty, thousands are on the verge of despair when they look gaunt starvation in the face and, turning, behold the rich faring sumptuously every day. "Civilization"!!!

GILBERT TILTON.

WOMEN'S CHIT-CHAT.

"From Grave to Gay, From Lively to Severe."

SUNDAY:

"It ought to be placed in the forefront of all Christian teaching that Christ's mission on earth was to give men Life."

MONDAY:

"We are haunted by an ideal life, and it is because we have within us the beginning and the possibility of it." Phillips Brooks.

TUESDAY:

"A perfect woman, nobly planned, to warn, to comfort, to command."

WEDNESDAY:

"Few delights can equal the mere presence of one we trust utterly."

THURSDAY:

"Our loves make our lives."

FRIDAY:

"A woman's lot is made or marred by the quality of the love she accepts."

SATURDAY:

"She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone, or despise
And naught that sets one heart at ease,
Or giveth happiness and peace
Is low-esteemed in her eyes."

—o—

A concert-room ablaze with light: a rustle of silken draperies, as fair music-lovers sink into their respective seats: lovely faces brightening with expectancy, and flashing forth smiles of recognition across the crowded house: a fringe of black-coated figures making the usual social background upon which dainty toilets shine—and the Observer, meekly feeling herself quite out of place in a group made up of musical composers, authors, musicians, singers and directors—at the Nordica Concert. Badinage, witty epigrams, clever criticisms, repartee, quaint allusions and wise comparisons fall upon her ear and become interwoven with the different numbers rendered upon the programme, till Liszt's Rhapsody, and the tenor's well-taken high C, and the basso's deep tones, and Scalchi's European contralto—not so beautiful, to the Observer's way of thinking, as the American low voice—as she sings the difficult arias so wonderfully well, and, resplendent in yellow satin and diamonds, sails off the stage followed by a storm of applause—are all mingled in a delightful *pot pourri* of impressions.

—o—

Meanwhile, with that strange capacity of the human mind for carrying on two independent trains of thought—in the midst of all these objects and subjects of interest, the Observer was thinking like unto this:

—o—

If music should become one of the "Lost Arts" what would be more universally missed from the world? The only *social* phase of artistic life comes through music; it is the only ideal element present on all occasions where human beings seek expression.

It peals from the temples of worship. It hushes multitudes who listen entranced to the thoughts of inspired composers breathed and trumpeted by strings and silver-throated instruments in the great orchestras.

The lover sings his heart out through words into which melody has infused new meanings. The mother blesses her baby in the lullaby she croons.

Music, alone, can rouse the masses to enthusiasms which lead to the overthrow of "principalities and powers."

It heralds the approach of the conqueror. It wails a requiem over the martyred dead.

In joy or sorrow, peace or stress, nothing so appeals to the common humanity of the world, as does music.

—o—

The folk-songs of Europe tell the story of each nation's experiences; we hear the minor wail of the oppressed and hopeless; the resolute ring of the roused and terrible avenger of wrongs; the triumphant clang of mailed warrior's returns—in their songs of victory.

The Old World is one vast battle-field: its soil is blood-soaked with men's sacrifices, and tear-stained with women's anguish. Why wonder that there are chords and strains of superhuman beauty in Beethoven's and Wagner's music, and why an infinity of love and cruel longing possesses the soul when under the spell of such inspirations, when we remember that such music is the expression of generations of sufferings; and then question if we could drink of the cup from which such genius drank the draught of bitterness. Nature exacts her just dues: we must pay her debts if we claim her highest privileges.

—o—

A burst of applause that shook the house brought the Observer back to a single train of thought, for there—bowing again and again with infinite grace and superb majesty of bearing stood—Nordica. A "flash light" of memory suddenly revealed to the Observer's eyes the first time she ever saw this great artiste. Once upon a time Music Hall in Boston was packed from upper gallery to the stage—for the graduation exercises of the New England Conservatory of Music were being held, and all musical Boston was represented in the audience. The Observer's companion was one who had heard every great singer from Jenny Lind to the latest importation from Europe, and was more than qualified to criticise wisely. He had patiently listened to trembling debutantes and self-confident ones; had sympathized with victims of stage-fright, and had applauded merit; he had expressed his disapproval of dressing young girls of seventeen (such was then the barbarous fashion) in heavy silken trains, and had watched the pageantry of pink, blue and white "creatious" of Boston modistes trail on and off the stage, with exemplary fortitude—when a young and beautiful girl came walking modestly, but firmly, down the stage and stood waiting for the orchestra. She was dressed in a very simple woolen walking-dress, and the Observer's first feeling was a feminine pang of pity that any girl should be defrauded of her pretty share in the general grand effect. The girl was tall, fair, brown-haired, with a resolute chin, and a lovely, humorous mouth. She began to sing. The critic sat upright, and as the song went on murmured under his breath, "That girl has a future." The name upon the programme was "Lilian Norton."

—o—

In the presence of the great artiste the thought that dominated the Observer's mind was not so much the reverent adoration of one of the most beautiful voices ever given to woman as what it has cost to change the Lilian Norton of *promise* into the Nordica of *fulfillment*. What unremitting years of toil! What eternal drudgery! Granted that such "stars" have exceptional talents—yet nothing but pitiless hard work ever placed Nordica upon her pedestal of today's success. Every curve of those fine firm lips tells the story of a capacity for "enduring hardness" which is perhaps the greatest talent of all, but one open to all who in any way consider themselves as "endeavorers".

The achievement before which we bow in truest reverence is the *power to do*, which is the result of nothing less than absolute drudgery. Whether this result is obtained through college courses, whose residuum that makes them of value is the power of concentration, attention, accurate observation, and self-mastery, or through a trade, or by the artist's brush, or the singer's flexible throat, or the pianists wonderful fingers—the only thing that is admirable comes from sheer drudgery, from over and over tasks. This capacity for hard, sustained effort has been Nordica's chief characteristic—and coupled with the most generous, unselfish willingness to help others less fortunate in gifts and opportunities than herself has given her an unparalleled position as woman and artiste. Power to *do* is the one great aim of training, and with it comes the power to *be*—which is life's final aim.

—o—

At first one could hardly both look and listen, so the Observer closed her eyes and gave herself up to the magic of those golden tones, the quality so unmistakably characteristic of Nordica's voice from the very beginning of her career; and not till the house resounded with applause at the end of the first great aria, did she really look at the glorious figure robed like a queen, as she has earned the right to be, with the tiara of diamonds given her last year in New York upon her pretty brown hair, and with sparkling gems upon her corsage. White brocaded silk, dear girls, with pink and lavender tulips embroidered upon the superb fabric, and softened by exquisite lace. All modest, friendly and beautiful in bearing; unselfishly willing to please, responding again and again to *encores* with exquisitely rendered selections, ranging from the tragic dignity of a great composition through the whole gamut of expression down to the tenderest of lullabys and most coquettish of ballads. She was a gracious queen upon the stage, and a charming, sympathetic woman behind the scenes. Her lovely little laugh of surprise, as, still holding the little white-gloved hand, given in greeting, the Observer said, "How were we ever so fortunate as to persuade you to be born in Maine?" is not the least among the melodious echoing in a charmed memory from the delights of the great Nordica Concert.

The Bethel News

Published Wednesdays by

NEWS PUBLISHING CO.,

Cole Block, - Bethel, Maine.

Entered at the Bethel post office as second-class mail matter.

TERMS OF THE NEWS.

One year to any address,	$1.25
Six months,	.65
Three months,	.35

SINGLE COPIES OF THE NEWS.

Single copies of the News are three cents each. For convenience of patrons single copies of each issue for sale at the following places.

Bethel.	Wiley's Drug Store.
South Paris.	Shurtleff's Drug Store.
Norway.	Stone's Drug Store.
Rumford Falls.	C. Clifford

Bethel, Maine, Jan. 27, 1897.

Cuba.

Popular impatience with the government, manifest in Spain because of the failure to suppress the Cuban and Philippine islands rebellions, increases daily. Thousands of the young men of Spain have been sent to Cuba, where they have died from disease or hardshid. Their families feel convinced that these young men would yet be alive if it were not for the procrastinating policy of Capt. Gen. Weyler, who, despite his promises to put down the insurrection, has apparently accomplished little, while his unacclimated troops have been dying by scores of hundreds.

The political outlook is chaotic. Rumors of a change in the ministry are frequently heard, and as frequently denied. The future is looked foward to with much anxiety.

Senator-elect Money of Mississippi has just returned to Washington from a two week's absence in Cuba, where he went to inform himself concerning the condition of things in Cuba.

He reports that everything he saw and heard taught him that Spain is unable to cope with the insurrection. She will never put it down; Spain will never end this war with victory to herself.

This is also said to be the opinion of Consul Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, who says that Spain can never put down the insurrection, and that every day it continues means loss of life and property without the remotest encouragement of any final Spanish success. He thinks the insurrection will succeed.

Monday morning was the coldest thus far for the winter, the mercury facing 22 degrees below for some little time after old Sol appeared on the scene and bade it go up higher. This appeal for ulsters, mittens and ear covers was recognized by our people as it has never been before this year. All agreed that we were having pretty cold weather, but when we learned that at St. Paul, Minn., the mercury glanced at 22 degrees, smiled at 30 degrees, crept slowly past 40 degrees, and made a record of 45 degrees, we sighed for our western friends and rejoiced that our anchor had been cast in Bethel where we are not tortured by the severity of winter and are blessed by the most delightful summer enjoyed by any people in the world.

BETHEL LOCALS.

Will Stearns froze his face badly Monday.

Even now no one can tell who will get the prize.

A. S. Bean, Esq., of West Bethel, was in this village Monday.

The dictionary contest waxes warm as the end draws near.

C. S. Richardson of So. Paris has been in Bethel a few days.

George Hapgood and wife left Bethel last Saturday for Florida.

Fred Allen came up from Portland last Saturday and remained over Sunday.

There is a supper and entertainment at the Universalist vestry this evening.

Chapter 199, 1895, prohibits fishing through the ice in Oxford county for trout or land-locked salmon. Penalty, $10, and $1 for each fish taken.

The many Bethel friends of Dr. Bradbury, of Norway, will be pained to learn of his death, which occurred last week.

Arthur Barker had the misfortune to dislocate his ankle at the chair factory Monday. He went to turn a log at the board saw and his cant-dog slipped and let the log on his leg.

At the annual business meeting of the Y. P. C. U., held in January, the following officers were chosen:

- Pres., Miss Joan Stearns.
- V. Pres., Miss Agnes Kimball.
- Rec. Sec., Miss Edith Grover.
- Cor. Sec., Miss Annie Frye.
- Treas., Mrs. F. E. Barton.

There will be a Graphophone entertainment at Pattee's hall, Friday evening of this week. This talking machine is a wonderful invention and will be very interesting. The entertainment is under the supervision of the Maine Teachers' Reading Circle. Miss Fannie Rice, a talented elocutionist, will be present and add much to the pleasure of the evening. A cordial invitation is extended to everybody to be present. Admission 20 cents.

On account of the severe storm last Thursday, the Bethel chorus rehearsal was postponed until Saturday evening. During the rehearsal that evening, the director suggested the chorus give a grand concert, at a later period, to defray the expense of lighting, heating and rent of Garland Chapel. A vote will be canvassed this Thursday evening. It may be stated here that if the weather is unfit for rehearsals on Thursday evenings they will be held on the following Saturday evening.

Mrs. Wilfred Bowler and daughter Edna of Berlin N. H., have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bowler for a few days.

Mr. F. E. Dodge, travelling agent for The News Pub. Co., who has been in town for a few days, returned Tuesday to Berlin, N. H.

This issue of the News is the last to appear before the votes will be counted to determine who, in the minds of the people, is the most popular teacher in Oxford County.

The Last Sad Rites.

The funeral of Miss Cornelia French occurred at the Universalist church last Wednesday afternoon at one o'clock, Rev. F. E. Barton, pastor, officiating. The attendance was very large, attesting the deep affection and esteem felt in the community for the beautiful girl for whom these last sad rites were observed. Loving friends gave an abundance of exquisite flowers, and the white casket was beautifully decorated. A beautiful pillow was given by the Sunday school class of which Miss French was a member, pinks and cut flowers by the Y. P. C. U. of the church, nineteen roses, for her nineteen years of life, by the Tennis Club, pinks by the teachers and students of Gould's academy, from which she graduated last spring, eight roses (representing the members in the graduating class), by the class of '96, one broken from the cluster, a lovely wreath by the Village District of schools in Augusta; and from individual friends, nineteen pinks, Dr. and Mrs. Tuell; pinks, Miss Mary True; nineteen roses, Miss Burnham; nineteen pinks, Misses Sarah and Laura Hall; hyacinths, Miss Dearing; nineteen pinks, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Tuell; hyacinths, Miss Evangeline Barker; pinks, Mrs. Herrick; nineteen pinks, Mrs. G. M. Twitchell; flowers and smilax, Miss A. G. Twitchell; pinks, Mr. Norman Gehring.

The members of the Christian Union occupied seats on the right of the aisle, and the Tennis Club and bearers on the left. The bearers were Messrs. Farnsworth, Rowe, Wiley, King, Bartlett and Chapman, representing the Christian Union, Sunday school, graduating class, Gould's academy, and Tennis Club.

A sad task was that of the pastor, who had watched with loving care the unfolding and uplifting of the young souls under his care, and his words were full of heartfelt tenderness. The sweet music, so fitting to the sad occasion, was furnished by Mrs. Ava Finney, Miss Alice Purington, Mr. Billings and Mr. Archer Grover. The burial was in the Evergreen cemetery.

The following lines, written the day after the funeral, when the snow, with its fleecy softness, mantled the new-made mound, gives expression to a heavy grief, but also to the uplooking of a brave spirit to the things that are not transient, but enduring:

In memory of Cornelia B. French.

Not Sorrow, but Joy.

BY HER BROTHER.

The earth was wrapped in whitest mantle;
Feathery snowflakes filled the air.
Tearful was the little village,
Aching hearts were many there.

On the day before, a loved one
Had been laid beneath the sod.
Early had the summons reached her
From the mansions of her God.

Brave, and true and noble-hearted,
Was the one thus called away.
To the rich and to the lowly,
Labored to do good each day.

Friends and loved ones, do not mourn so;
Listen to the song above;
"From the gloom His brightness streameth;
God is wisdom; God is love."

She, so good, so pure, so noble,
Is not dead but gone before,
To the Heavenly Father's kingdom,
Waiting there with open door.

May her pure, refined example
Prove a blessing all along,
For she listens to the beauty
Of the guardian angels' song.

BETHEL, Jan. 22, 1897.

DEAR MRS. FRENCH:

Many thanks for the beautiful flowers, a portion of the tribute to your lovely daughter who was translated last Sabbath, by loving friends. "She is not dead." The voice, though hushed to earth's ears, rises now in rapturous strains, singing the joyous hallelujahs to "the Lamb once slain." Her gentle spirit may be our guardian angel to lead our thoughts heavenward, and shield us from the temptations that assail us. God's ways are mysterious, but we bow submissively to His will.

You have my sympathy in your sore bereavement. We all appreciate sympathy. Even Christ in Gethsemane craved it: "What, could ye not watch with me one hour," were His pathetic words to the sleeping disciples; and His sympathy for us in our hours of affliction, far-exceeds human sympathy. Your departed one knows now the full meaning of the motto she adopted one year ago: "What will Jesus think of it." She now hears the gracious plaudit, "Servants of God, well done." The same loving Jesus who said to the sisters in Bethany, "Your brother shall live again," says to us, "Ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you."

Sincerely your friend,
E. W. WOODBURY.

"We live in deeds, not years;
In thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs.
He most lives, who thinks most,
feels the noblest, acts the best."

After such a life, with her travel-worn garments cast aside,

"The dear one walks in white,
In garments gloriously bright.
In white because she walks with God."

A feeble tribute to Cornelia B. French by a friend.

E. W. Woodbury.

AN IRISHMAN

said he had to lay awake all night in order to wake-up in the morning. If you buy one of KING'S ALARM CLOCKS you can sleep peacefully until the time it is set to go off and then you are sure to wake up. Such a noise that it is impossible to sleep.

They are one of the best and most accurate Alarm Clocks on the market and are fully warranted for one year.

PRICE ONLY $1.

EDWARD KING,
THE JEWELER,
BETHEL, ME.

Obituary.

Lewis Richardson, a young man who came to Bethel with his parents about a year ago from Peabody, Mass., died at his home near the Steam Mill the 22nd of this month. A few months ago his health began to fail, and it was soon evident that consumption had claimed him as a victim. He was twenty three years of age and was a young man of examplary character, and during his residence here had gained many friends. The funeral services occurred Sunday.

PICK-UPS.

The worst rain and snow storm in years has been raging through Southern California. A remarkable feature of the storm has been its low temperature. The mountains and foot hills are covered with snow. Snow several inches deep is within an hour's walk from the center of Pasadena.

CARD OF THANKS.

Will our friends every where accept our sincere thanks for their kindly assistance, heart-felt sympathy, and tender solicitattion manifested during the illness, and since the death of our beloved daughter. Such evidences of friendship lighten the heavy load resting on our hearts.

Anna B. French.
S. Irving French.

Sociable at West Bethel.

There will be a sociable and orange supper at West Bethel, Saturday evening of this week. A very pleasant evening for all who attend. Admission to hall, 10 cents; supper, 15 cents. A cordial invitation is extended to Bethel people to attend.

Blood Is Life.

It is the medium which carries to every nerve, muscle, organ and fibre its nourishment and strength. If the blood is pure, rich and healthy you, will be well; if impure, disease will soon overtake you. Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to keep you in health by making your blood rich and pure.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner pill; assist digestion, cure headache. 25 cents.

Merit

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. If a medicine cures you when sick; if it makes wonderful cures everywhere, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit.

Made

That is just the truth about Hood's Sarsaparilla. We know it possesses merit because it cures, not once or twice or a hundred times, but in thousands and thousands of cases. We know it cures, absolutely, permanently, when all others fail to do any good whatever. We repeat

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness. 25 cents.

Paper for Scholars

We sell a pound of good pencil paper for school use for 5 cents per pound. We also have some paper cuttings which we sell for 3c a pound. This is in narrow strips but it makes pretty good paper to figure on.

Children's Column.

Conducted by Lena B. Ellingwood.

We are pleased to receive contributions of all sorts, letters, stories, poems, etc., for this department, and all communications should be addressed to Mrs. A. D. Ellingwood, Bethel, Me.

"OBBIE DOBBIE."

"Obbie Dobbie" was a baby—
Funny name, I think, don't you?
This is what her papa called her,
And she had another, too.
Funny name and funny baby,
With a cunning little face;
And the other name they called her
Was the prettier one of "Grace".

One day little "Obbie Dobbie"
Laughed and laughed with all her might,
Looking up into her dress sleeve,
Eyes and nose all hid from sight.
Mamma said "Why, what's the matter?
Is it real or make believe,
All this fun?" The baby answered,
"I am 'aughin' in my s'eeve."

In a moment I remembered
I had said those words one day,
Little thinking baby prattle
Would repeat them o'er in play
With such literal translation.
(What an impress light words leave!)
Papa's little "Obbie Dobbie,"
Laughing in her baby sleeve!

—Hattie F. Bell in Wide Awake.

Ella's Adventure, and What Came of it.

"I think it's a mean shame," cried Ella Thane, bursting into the sitting-room, where her sister sat sewing; "I never can have things like other girls. I do want to go to that party so much," she went on, "and I haven't a thing to wear, and all the other girls are going to have new dresses."

"I am sorry, dear," said her sister, "If I could manage to get this dress of Mrs. Thomas' done in time, perhaps I could get you a new dress."

"Oh, no, you shall not try to do that. I would rather wear my old plaid dress, than to see you working so." For she was a tender-hearted girl, and she did not like to see her sister work so hard.

"Well, dear," said her sister, "go get the milk now, and do not think any more about it."

The Thanes, as will be seen by the first of this, were not over-burdened with riches. There were only two sisters left out of a large family. The elder sister, Lilian, took in sewing to do, and the younger one, Ella, was still a school-girl, and could not do much towards her support. But still she kept the house in order and helped her sister with her sewing. It was hard for them, though, and all they could do was to keep up appearances.

Ella went to do her sister's bidding, and her way led through an alley. That is, she took that way because it was shorter. The alley was seldom used, and was unknown to a great many, and you may imagine Ella's surprise when she got half way down the alley to behold around the corner of the house two ruffians. Yes, they were ruffians, you could not call them anything else, great, rough-looking men, they were. Ella, fearing to go past, hid behind a pile of rubbish almost opposite them.

Fortunately they did not see her, and without really meaning to do so, she fell to listening to their conversation.

"Well," said one, "I will go over to Jim's and get the tools and meet you at King's store, and," after looking all around, "I bet this will be the best job yet."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the other. They talked quite awhile, and Ella listening to their talk, gleaned some quite interesting facts.

After they had gone, she ran the whole length of the alley and into Mr. King's store in great haste, and inquired for Mr. King of one of his clerks.

"He is in his private office and must not be disturbed," said the clerk.

"But I must see him," and Ella whispered a few words in the clerk's ear, which caused him to look at her in astonishment. Then, telling her to follow him, he led the way to Mr. King's office.

"Well, well," ejaculated that worthy gentleman, "What does this mean?" as Ella, panting and breathless came, thus suddenly upon him.

"Oh, Mr. King!" cried Ella, "some men are going to break into your store, blow up the safe, and rob you."

"What means this, my dear? Calm yourself and tell me all about it."

Ella told about her adventure in the alley, and about hearing the men plan to rob the store of Mr. King.

"What time was all this to take place; do you know?" asked Mr. King.

"At one o'clock in the morning, sir," answered Ella.

"Well, I do declare," and Mr. King fell to musing. Ella thought it was high time to take her departure, so she slipped out without being noticed.

When the burglars came to break into the store they were met by Mr. King and two officers, who very quickly and quietly slipped handcuffs on them and took them to the station.

The next day Ella received a letter which read as follows:

Dec. 4, 1896.

To Miss Ella:-

Enclosed find a check for $200. You have rightly, earned it so do not feel that you ought not to accept it. If I can do anything to help you in anyway, please let me know.

Your sincere friend,
E. R. King.

"Just think! I can have my dress for the party," cried Ella, "although," thoughtfully, "perhaps the money ought to go for something else."

"No, dear, you shall have your dress anyway," replied Lilian. And she did.

Mabel P. Foster.

Word Hunt.

How many words can you make out of the words, "Children's Column"? Try it and see. The child under fourteen years of age who sends us the largest list on or before the first of March, '97, will be given a pretty present. What the present is, will be announced later, perhaps next week. The words must all be English words. Misspelled words of course will not count. No letter can be used twice which does not occur twice in "Children's Column." We depend on the honor of our boys and girls to have no help from older people in finding the words. We have had word hunts free for everyone, but this is solely for the children, and it would be unfair for older ones to help in making out the lists.

The only condition we make is that a nice little letter for the Children's Column shall accompany every list of words.

Now put on your "thinking-caps" and see who can make the largest list of words from two cs h, i, two ls, d, r, e, two ns, s, o, u and m, the letters contained in "Children's Column."

Children's Letters.

Fryeburg Harbor.

Dear Editor:-

As the others are writing I thought I would write a letter, hoping that it would help fill out the children's column. I will tell you what I study. I study grammar, geography, spelling, fourth reader, arithmetic and writing.

I am going to school now. Our school keeps nine weeks. Miss Nina Shedd keeps our school. We like her very much. Her home is at Fryeburg Corner. We are all getting ready for Christmas here now. We shall have singing and speaking. Hope Santa will bring me lots of presents. I guess I will close now.

Good bye,
Enid Estella Macalister.

Grand Rapids, Jan. 10, 1897.

Mr. Editor:-

I see by your paper that you invite the children to write a letter. I go to school and study grammar, spelling, arithmetic, geography, drawing, science and physiology. I go to the East Bridge St. School. There are ten rooms, and there is an average of forty scholars in a room. Next term I will go to the Central.

I have been to Bethel twice and enjoyed my visit very much, and I think that Bethel is a lovely place. But I like Grand Rapids, with its beautiful parks and resorts, much better.

The store windows were decorated very tastefully at Christmas and I enjoyed looking at them. Papa, mama and I went to Aunt Alice's Christmas. My other cousins were there; after dinner most of us went out skating. It was lovely skating on the river; when we grew tired of skating we went into the house and played games.

Your little friend,
Ethel Brown.

Greenwood, Dec. 19, 1896.

Dear Editor:-

I told you in my other letter that if you printed it, I would write again and tell you who my playmates and pets are. You were real kind to do so, and now I will tell you.

Mr. Bennett has two little boys; they are the only playmates I have within a mile. They are clever little boys. They are a number of years younger than I am. We have great times sliding, and hauling each other on the hand sled.

For pets I now have my sister's baby, a month old, and a kitten and a dove. Of course I like baby best of all, but she is pretty fussy sometimes, and cannot play as the kittens do.

The dove is blue and white, and brother Will calls it his, but he has gone away to work, so I feed it and call it mine.

School will be done next week, and they tell of having a Christmas tree in the new chapel in the evening, and if they do, I will write again and tell you about it.

Lydia E. Swan.

Bethel, Dec. 15, 1896.

Dear Editor:-

My father takes the BETHEL NEWS, so I thought I would write for the children's column. I go to school and study reading, arithmetic, spelling, geography, history and grammar. My teacher's name is Carrie Hastings. My papa works in the mill at Newry Corner, so I have the chores to do. We have three horses and one cow. I cut all the wood for two fires. I will be twelve years old the ninth of next month, and my name is,

Warren Chester Small.

Fryeburg, Maine, Dec. 12, 1896.

Dear Editor:-

I will try to fill a vacant place in your paper if there is any to fill. We are going to have a Christmas tree down here. We are going to have singing and speaking. I expect to have a nice time. I hope we shall be able to go and help them. Some of the scholars are going to help. The Christmas tree is going to be the twenty-fourth of this month.

I will tell you what I study. I study fourth reader, arithmetic, spelling, grammar, geography and history. Miss Nina M. Shedd is my teacher. We have very short days here and so I must close and retire.

Yours very truly.
Miss Blanche Macalister.

Bethel, Dec. 16, 1896.

Dear Editor:-

I am a little girl eight years old. I go to school and study reading, spelling, arithmetic and geography. My teacher's name is Carrie Hastings. I have for pets four cats.

I like to slide and play in the snow. I have one brother, but no sister. I have a little playmate named Lena Smith.

Hazel L. Small.

The Old Year.

The old year is gone,
With its dark side and bright side,
With its joys intermingled with tears.
In the time, some loved ones have gone from our view,
And with some their numbers are not few.

In the old church-yard yonder,
Their loved ones are sleeping,
But the angels of God their vigil is keeping.
While many sad hearts are still weeping.

But the new year we welcome at last.
Not knowing what it may bring,
Whether sorrow or gladness,
To those who have known only joy
In the one that has passed.

It matters but little what our birthplace in this life may be,
Whether mansion or hovel,
But whether our hearts go so deep in sin,
That heaven's portals we may win,
It matters much.

But our lives are songs,
God writes the words,
And we sat them to music at pleasure.
But the song grows old, or sweet or sad,
As we choose to fathom the measure.

Ida M. Macalaster.

When you call at the postoffice for your mail and the postmaster hands it to you, ask him if that is all. If you ask him for your mail and he tells you there is none, tell him there ought to be, then go home and send the rest of the family around at different times during the day. Don't bring your mail to the postoffice until the mail closes, then sail into the postmaster for not opening the mail bag and putting your letter in. When you want a stamp on your letter tell the postmaster to put it on; if he don't lick it, lick him. In case you put it on yourself soak it in your mouth long enough to remove the mucilage, it will stick until dry. Be sure and ask the postmaster to credit you with a stamp; if he has any accommodation about him he will do it. If you have a box, stand and drum on it until the postmaster hands you your mail. It will make him feel good, especially if he is waiting on some one else.—Ex.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props. Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggist, Toledo, O. Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggist, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Address. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

GRAND CONCERT!

PATTEE'S HALL

FRI. EVE. JAN. 29.

GRAPHOPHONE

2 HOURS OF MIRTH WITH NOTHING OBJECTIONABLE!!

Or, Talking Machine
Will furnish Amusement.....

The Audience Will Be Highly Entertained by

MISS Fanny Rice,
of Missouri,

An Elocutionist Of Wide Reputation.

Admission, 20c. Children 10c.

Doors Open at 7. Begin at 8.

Notice!

Notice is hereby given that EVAN S. KILGORE has notified the Bethel Savings Bank in writing that he has lost his deposit book No. 25 issued by said bank and that he desires a duplicate book issued to him.

A. E. HERRICK,
Treas, Bethel Savings Bank.

Bethel, Me., Dec. 18, 1896. 3w33

BLUE STORE.

Semi-Annual Mark Down Sale!

SUITS for	$3.50 and $4.50,	worth	$5.00 and $6.00.
SUITS for	5.00	"	7 50
SUITS for	7.50	"	10.00
OVERCOATS for	$5.00	"	7.50
OVERCOATS for	7 00	"	10.00
OVERCOATS for	9.00	"	12.00
ULSTERS for	$4.00	"	5.00
ULSTERS for	5.00	"	7.50
ULSTERS for	7.00	"	10.00
ULSTERS for	8 50	"	12.00

FUR COATS and REEFERS at cost.

ODD PANTS, BOYS' and YOUTHS' SUITS, very low prices to close them out.

UNDERWEAR and OVERSHIRTS all marked down to the lowest point.

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A Mistake!

You will certainly make a mistake it you buy another HORSE BLANKET or Sleigh Robe without first coming to my shop and getting my prices.

I have a full line of

LESURE'S HORSE REMEDIES

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Don't fail to try my

Gall Cure. . . .

You can work the horse and cure the sore at the same time. Sample Free.

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Cloth Covered and Polished, at low prices for first-quality of goods; also Metallic Caskets in adult sizes. Embalming done and Embalming Fluid for sale.

N. B.—A good Hearse will be furnished, and funerals attended at short notice

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In all the various kinds, which will be sold at satisfactory prices. Also *Carpeting and Curtain Fixtures, Baby Carriages, Children's Wagons and Carts, Spring Beds and Mattresses.*

Pictures Framed to order at short notice and Glass furnished for pictures.

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And Mirror Plates for Old Frames.

Furniture of all kinds promptly repaired. Perforated Chair Seats for old frames.

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We secure the best patents for our clients, and the object of this offer is to encourage inventors to keep track of their bright ideas. At the same time we wish to impress upon the public the fact that

IT'S THE SIMPLE, TRIVIAL INVENTIONS THAT YIELD FORTUNES,

such as the "car-window" which can be easily slid up and down without breaking the passenger's back, "sauce-pan," "collar-button," "nut-lock," "bottle-stopper," and a thousand other little things that most any one can find a way of improving; and these simple inventions are the ones that bring largest returns to the author. Try to think of something to invent.

IT IS NOT SO HARD AS IT SEEMS.

Patents taken out through us receive special notice in the "National Recorder," published at Washington, D. C., which is the best newspaper published in America in the interests of inventors. We furnish a year's subscription to this journal, free of cost, to all our clients. We also advertise, free of cost, the invention each month which wins our $150 prize, and hundreds of thousands of copies of the "National Recorder," containing a sketch of the winner, and a description of his invention, will be scattered throughout the United States among capitalists and manufacturers, thus bringing to their attention the merits of the invention.

All communications regarded strictly confidential.

Address

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Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents,
618 F Street, N. W.,
Box 385. Washington, D. C.

Reference—editor of this paper. Write for our 50-page pamphlet, FREE.

Probate Notices.

To all persons interested in either of the estates hereinafter named:

At a Probate Court, held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven, The following matter having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the BETHEL NEWS, a newspaper published at Bethel in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the third Tuesday of February, A. D. 1897, at 9 of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Charles W. Farwell, late of Bethel, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof filed by Harriette F. Farwell, the executrix therein named.

A true copy—attest:
Seward S. Stearns, Judge of said Court.
Albert D. Park, Register.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and new list of one thousand inventions wanted.

C. L. DAVIS, General Trucking . . . COAL, . . . Trucking of every kind . . . Orders to be left at . . . C. L. D . . . MAIN STREET,

TAUGHT TO DO . . . GRAY'S PORTLAND BUSINESS . . . SHORTHAND & TYPEW . . . OFFICE PRACTICE . . . Dry Theory Discarded. . . . L. A. GRAY & SON

BUSINESS Educa . . . Actual business by mail . . . The Shaw BUSI . . . SHORT . . . PORTLAND and . . . F. L. SHAW, PRINCIPAL.

A. S. Kimball. M. L. Kimball. KIMBALL . . . Attorneys . . . NORWAY; . . . All business will receive . . . attention.

Lovejoy . . . W. F. Lovejoy & . . . BETHEL HILL, . . . This popular house has . . . last season, the stable . . . have been moved to th . . . thus leaving the view . . . unobstructed. Parties w . . . mer home will find this . . . able places in the Mount . . .

E. E. WHIT . . . BETHEL . . . Marble & Gr . . . Chaste Designs . . . First-Class w . . . Letters of inq . . . answered. See o . . . Get our . . . Satisfaction . . . E. E. WHITN . . .

WE CAR . . . A Fu . . . Flour, . . . Grocer . . . Grai . . . F . . . Our Stock is always . . . to date. If you . . . ment, call on u . . . plies.

WOODB . . . & PURING . . . Near R. R. . . .

YOU CAN N . . . do better than to . . . GROCERIES, FRUIT, CONFEC . . . CAN . . . TOBACCO, CIG . . . OF R. E. L. . . . 72 MAIN ST. . . . Best Prices Paid for Eg . . . Goods.

LIFE, FIRE & ACCIDE . . . Insur . . . placed in reliab . . . Rates as low as ca . . . where by

Safe and . . . Square . . . Compa . . . ALL LOS . . . Promptly . . . Call on or address, . . . S. N. B . . . CROSS . . . BETHEL,

AGENTS . . . We want a numb . . . to sell the . . . LINC . . . FOUN . . . PE . . . It is one of the . . . market and sells at . . . For terms etc., a . . . 33tf News Pub . . .

C. L. DAVIS,
General Trucking and Dealer in
COAL, ICE, &c.
Trucking of every kind promptly attended to. Orders to be left at house.
O. L. DAVIS,
MAIN STREET, - - BETHEL, MAINE

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GRAY'S PORTLAND BUSINESS COLLEGE
SHORTHAND & TYPEWRITING SCHOOL
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Dry Theory Discarded. Send for Free Catalogue.
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KIMBALL & SON,
Attorneys at Law,
NORWAY, - - MAINE.
All business will receive prompt and careful attention.

Lovejoy House,
W. F. Lovejoy & Son, Pro'ps,
BETHEL HILL, - - MAINE.
This popular house has been repaired since last season, the stable and outer buildings have been moved to the rear of the house, thus leaving the View of the Mountains unobstructed. Parties wanting a quiet summer home will find this one of the most desirable places in the Mountain region.

E. E. WHITNEY & Co.,
BETHEL ME.
Marble & Granite
Workers.
Chaste Designs,
First-Class workmanship.
Letters of inquiry promptly answered. See our work.
Get our prices.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
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A Full Line Of
Flour,
Groceries,
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Etc.
Our Stock is always Fresh and up to date. If you want fair treatment, call on us for your supplies.
WOODBURY
&
PURINGTON,
Near R. R. Station.

YOU CAN NOT
do better than to buy your
GROCERIES,
FRUIT,
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CANNED GOODS,
TOBACCO, CIGARS, ETC.
Of R. E. L. Farwell,
72 MAIN ST., BETHEL, MAINE.
Best Prices Paid for Eggs in Exchange for Goods.

LIFE, FIRE
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Insurance
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Rates as low as can be made anywhere by
Safe and
Square Dealing
Companies.
ALL LOSSES
Promptly Settled!
Call on or address,
S. N. BUCK,
CROSS BLOCK.
BETHEL, MAINE

AGENTS WANTED!
We want a number of Good Agents to sell the
LINCOLN
—FOUNTAIN—
PEN.
It is one of the best pens on the market and sells at a low price.
For terms etc., address,
33tf News Pub. Co., Bethel, Me.

The County News.

SHORT PARAGRAPHS Collected by our Local Correspondents, for the BETHEL NEWS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS,

You are earnestly requested to send us the news from your locality every week. If you get out of stationery drop us a line.

In every town where we have not already got a correspondent we would like to make arrangements with some person to furnish us with items. Write us.

WEST BETHEL.

"There was a man in our town
Who was not wondrous wise;
For though he had fresh goods to sell
He would not advertise.
But when he saw his rival sell
More goods than e'er could he,
He stormed about his grocery
As mad as mad could be.
He soon found out the other man
Had "ads." in sheets betimes;
He took the hint and did likewise,
And now piles in the dimes."

The road-breakers were out Sunday with a team of six horses.

George W. Merrow's school in Greenwood will close February 5th.

W. F. Brown and wife of Bryant's Pond, were at L. D. Grover's Sunday.

Business is lively here, with the steam mill and railway station as central points.

Charles B. Brown of Greenwood was in town Friday and Saturday, selling fresh fish.

Miss Maud Merrow's school in South Bethel ended last week and she is now at home.

Old January will soon disappear behind the hills of time; and winter is nearly half gone.

A school-mistress should never use soft soap when she has a lot of disagreeable chaps on her hands.

It costs more to remove half a dozen corns from the foot than it does to remove a bushel from the store.

"Beautiful snow," but it loses its charm when old Boreas gets a firm hold of it, and uses it for a plaything.

Venus is very radiant in the evening, but retires quite early and next week will have a new moon for a companion.

Items of interest are always wanted for publication, and if dropped in P. O. box 55 will appear in the following issue of the NEWS.

Pleasant Valley Grange had its annual installation of officers in their hall in this village on the afternoon of Saturday, Jan. 16th. Charles Dunham, Master; W. A. Farwell, Overseer; Addison S. Bean, Steward; M. M. Mason, Assistant Steward; E. G. Wheeler, Lecturer; Mrs. W. A. Farwell, Treasurer; Mrs. M. M. Mason, Secretary; Mrs. E. G. Wheeler, Lady Assistant Steward; H. G. Mason, Gate Keeper.

NORWAY.

Anchor ice caused a hold up about ten o'clock P. M., at the electric light station, Monday of last week. The incandescent house lights were extinguished and the electric car stranded in South Paris village till Tuesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman L. Horne are spending a few weeke in New York city with Prof. Wm. R. Chapman.

Owing to a slack in the shoe cutting room, several of the workmen left and procured work in the Berlin, N. H. factory. A number returned after giving the new place a trial.

The big fall of snow last Thursday gave business in town a decided start. The electric railroad shovelers worked hard to avoid a blockade along the line; however, the car missed several trips during Friday.

A concert was given in Concert Hall Saturday evening by a graphophone or talking machine. Selections by Sousa's, Gilmore's and Washington Military bands, vocal solos, orations and recitations were reproduced in a satisfactory manner.

A large number of people attended W. H. Powers concert in South Paris Wednesday evening, January 20th. A male quartette, Prof. Fred Given, violinist, Miss Hattie Cragins, Norway, reader, Carl Tolman, South Paris, pianist, Mr. Geo. Briggs and Mr. Albert Park, South Paris, vocal soloists, were the interesting features.

POLAND.

At last we have snow and everyone is hustling.

H. Ricker & Son have over thirty horses hauling wood.

Mr. Walter M. Colorny of South Poland has taken a southern bride, Miss Kyger of Alton, Va.

Mr. O. C. Stinchfield has placed another planer in his portable mill and is now fully equipped for business.

Mr. J. Prentiss Waterhouse is making a very successful canvass for the Poland post office and will, we have no doubt, be elected.

The Harris Hill school gave an entertainment at Excelsior Grange hall last week, the proceeds of which will be used to buy a flag for the school-house.

A "fire social" was given at Range hill school-house Friday evening. The proceeds, amounting to $10.29, will be used to raise a flag for the school-house.

GROVER HILL.

14° below zero at sunrise here Tuesday morning.

Walker and Murphy are cutting birch on the Hastings lot.

L. C. Stearns, Jr., of Hebron, visited friends in town over Sunday.

We learn that Channing Grover has built quite a serviceable pung sleigh.

Grover Bros. have about 100 cords of spruce pulp wood cut at the present time.

Henry Clark was the recipient of a handsome sled from his father a few days since.

Miss Ida M. Haselton recently presented each of her Grover Hill pupils with a handsome souvenir card.

E. R. Whitman will take his little daughter, Alta Vera, with him upon his return to Worcester, Mass.

We learn that Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Whitman are the proud and happy parents of a little daughter, Arlene Lottie.

FRYEBURG.

Mrs. Bailey Knight has been on the sick list.

Plenty of snow now for loggers and everybody.

Eunice Maxwell has been on the sick list for a few days.

Mrs. Fred Farrington has been at work for Mrs. Knight.

Mr. Nathaniel Walker has moved his family to East Fryeburg. Hope they will enjoy better health there than they did here.

The annual meeting met at its hall last Saturday. Picnic dinner was served in the hall at noon. Installation of officers took place soon after dinner, and a good time was enjoyed by all. The oyster stew made by Mrs. Orrin Barrows and Mrs. Joseph Johnson was very nice.

Mr. Lang Kilgore died in Stowe last Wednesday morning. He leaves a wife and several children to mourn his loss. His son, George Kilgore is a docter in N. Y. Charles Kilgore lives in Whitefield, Mrs. Giles a is well known dress maker here, and there are others of the family whose names I am not able to call.

WILSON'S MILLS.

R. A. Storey is at work for John Olson.

F. A. Flint expects to finish logging this week.

E. S. Bennett is at work for J. C. and R. S. Bean.

Simon Stahl has been in town selling watches, jewelry, etc.

Quite an amount of snow fell Thursday, which is very welcome to the loggers.

J. C. Bean killed two hogs recently, that weighed four hundred and four, and four hundred and forty three, pounds.

DENMARK.

Our snow just puts life into business.

Can making commenced in the corn shop last week.

Geo. Orcutt has taken a job of Augustine Ingalls to draw shook to Brownfield depot.

A. H. Witham has swapped his smallest three year old colt with Alphonso Hilton for a six year old mare.

Mrs. Hannah Hubbard, mother of Mrs. Sidney Orcutt, late of Limington, died of heart trouble Jan. 24th, aged seventy-eight years. Her remains will be taken to Limington for burial Tuesday or Wednesday.

NEWRY.

There was a foot of snow fell last Thursday.

There was a dance in the hall at Newry Corner Saturday night.

Monday, the 25th, the thermometer was down to 20 degrees below zero.

The Praying Band from Bethel were up to the church at the Corner Sunday.

Orrin Foster found a large bunch of green grass on Bald Ledge, looking as fresh as in the summer, on Jan. 17th.

LOVELL CENTRE.

Mr. Ira Heald is on the sick list.

Mrs. C. A. Garcelon from Chicago is visiting her mother, Mrs. Caleb Coffin, who is in very poor health.

Mrs. Betsey Stearns from South Hiram is stopping with her daughter, Mrs. A. A. Fowler, at present.

A friend told me that W. O. Brown is painting Mr. Starks' new cottage at the centre of the town, and also ironing sleighs and polishing harnesses. Mr. Brown says that he has eaten a quarter of Mr. John Farrington's three year old bull this fall and says he is feeling O. K.

It beats all how the snow holds off from the ground. We are all wishing for snow, but none comes at all. But let us be contented with what we have in this world, for that is the way to get more. The good Lord will give us all the snow we want next month, for then you will have to rub your nose and hold on to your ears to keep them from freezing.

Seven Months With Fever.
Wonderful Recovery of Health.
Mr. Baird's rapid and marvelous recovery from a mere skeleton to his normal weight, 270 pounds, was surely the *fullest test* of the grandest strength-giving and building-up medicine ever produced, namely:
Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine.

J. H. BAIRD.
"Gentlemen—I wish to express to you my gratitude for the great good that *Dr. Miles' Nervine* has done for me. I was taken sick with typhoid fever and I laid in bed for seven months. After getting over the fever I was thin, nervous and tired, and did not regain my lost strength. I tried several proprietary medicines, and finally, after having been reduced in weight to 130 pounds, I began trying your *Nervine*, and at once began to improve. Was finally *entirely cured*, and today I can say I never felt better in all my life, and weigh 270 pounds. This is my normal weight, as I measure 6 feet 5½ inches in height."
South Bend, Ind. J. H. BAIRD.
Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at $1, 6 bottles for $5, or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.
Dr. Miles' Nervine Restores ...Health

UPTON.

J. F. Coolidge was in town Saturday.

One of C. E. Ryerson's oxen died last week.

Will Sargent sold a cow to Alvah Coolidge.

Extremely cold here Monday, and growing colder.

John Brown has finished yarding lumber for H. Forrest.

Asa Bartlett has finished work for Ed. Coburn; he is a good hand with a team.

Will Whitney and John Brown have hired to Mr. Lombard for the rest of the winter.

Luman Sargent is finishing off the chambers in his house, and has recently purchased double windows.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Tyler were sorry to hear they lost their house by fire; nearly all their goods were damaged.

MARSHALL HILL.

Mr. Caleb Hazeltine is thought to be better.

Mrs. Lydla Fernald went to North Waterford Friday.

George Briggs went to Hunt's Corner Saturday of last week.

Mr. Lucien Andrews and Isaiah Hazeltine called at George Briggs' Sunday.

14 inches of snow fell Thursday, which will be a great help to the teamsters.

Mr. Lucien Andrews, wife and little boy visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah Hazeltine last Sunday.

Our life is but a little holding, lent to do a mighty labor. We are one with heaven and the stars when it is spent to serve God's aim.

Tuesday and Wednesday of last week were the coldest days we have had, thermometer running 14 degrees below on the hill and 20 in the valley.

ALBANY.

J. E. Wortley is very sick with nervous prostration, with not much hope of his recovery.

F. G. Sloane has finished the repairs on his house, much to his satisfaction, and we hope to his comfort.

Elmer A. Cross was taken to the Insane Asylum at Augusta recently; reports from there are to the effect that he is comfortable but no material change.

GORHAM, N. H.

Prof. G. B. Smith was in town, Tuesday.

Clara Davis is visiting Inez Forbes this week.

Miss Mabel Scribner of West Bethel visited her sister last week.

Simon Stahl returned home last week from his trip up river.

Miss Florence York of Milan attended the ball last Thursday night.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Hanley were down from Berlin to attend the Eureka Club ball.

Charles Chandler visited Portland last week, where he purchased two very fine horses.

Mr. Edward Gould of Woonsocket, R. I., is taking Joe Fairbank's place at Noyes' drug store.

A number of our town's people attended the musical convention last Friday night at Littleton, N. H.

The first annual ball of the Eureka Club was held in the Opera House hall last Thursday night, and although there was such a storm that day, there was quite a large attendance. There were fifty couples in the grand march, which was led by F. W. Noyes. The figure was E. C., and looked very pretty to those in the gallery. The music by Burnham & Barney's orchestra, of Berlin, was very well rendered, also the dance music. Those who attended reported a very good time and only wish the Eureka Club success for another in the near future.

There were a very few from Berlin down. Come, boys, if you want the Gorham boys to come to your town you should visit their town sometime to even up the thing.

LAST WEEK OF VOTING CONTEST.

SEND YOUR VOTES EARLY.

CONTEST CLOSES MONDAY, FEBRUARY 1st, 1897, AT 5 O'CLOCK P. M.

It is iteresting to note the enthusiasm on the part of those interested as the contest nears its close. Each seams to realize that what is done must be done at once, and now is the time for the friends of the contestants to do their work. As a proof of the closeness of this contest we call attention to the fact that the same teacher has not headed the list in any two consecutive issues, hence none can name the fortunate one, who will carry from The News office at 5 o'clock next Monday the best dictionary ever put before the American people. The 52 votes given with just one more subscription might be the 52 necessary to your success, therefore do not cease to get one more until the clock strikes five.

VOTE.
ONE VOTE FOR............
TOWN............
MOST POPULAR TEACHER IN THE COUNTY.
NOTE.—Votes may be cast for any Lady or Gentleman who is now teaching in Oxford County. 27

Votes Received to Date.

Miss Lillian R. Kimball,	1,559
Miss Alice Purington,	1,443
Maud Bartlett, Albany,	435
Miss Ethel Hammon,	947
J. S. Hutchins, South Bethel,	483
T. S. Hutchins, Bethel,	135
Miss Sadie Abbott, Bethel,	442
F. W. Flood, Bethel,	65
Alice M. Russell, Bethel,	54
Bertha Wiley, Bethel,	53
Arthur G. Wiley, Norway,	25
Augusta H. French, Norway,	5

Remember a new subscriber counts 52 votes if for a year.

We give a copy of the NEW YORK TRIBUNE or the TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE free to every new subscriber who asks for it.

Anyone who already takes the NEWS can have their votes credited by paying up to date and a full year in advance.

BERLIN, N. H.

Sowing—
Sowing the—
Sowing the Wind—

Scott Mason is keeping time at the Glen.

Sowing the Wind at Clement Opera House.

Sowing the Wind at Clement Opera House, Feb. 13.

Revival services are being held this week in the different churches.

Henry St. Laurent has opened a fruit store in Cote block on Main St.

Alarm from Box 31 last Sunday A. M. was for fire in the Savings Bank building, in the apartments occupied by Mrs. A. J. Mason. Not much damage was done by fire, but considerable by water. The fire was supposed to have started from a defective chimney. Hose companies No. 3 and 2 responded, and Hook and Ladder company. Loss unknown.

The Frankie Carpenter company showed all last week to fair houses in Clement Opera House. It is a first class company in all respects, and the dancing is especially good.

How many of our citizens know that our hand tub is up in the engine house without any wheels? This engine (or tub) did good work for us ten years ago and she could do it now if necessity called for it, but how are you going to get it out? Of course it would be of no use in some parts of the town, but on Main St., or near by, it would be a good deal of assistance. What if something should happen to your water works and they would not work, what are you going to do then? Some would say we have two good steam engines that belong to the Glen Co. and Berlin Mills Co. we could use. This may be true, but did we not use it at the time of the Stahl Brothers' fire a few years ago? What saved Whitney Opera House? What saved Music hall and F. L. Wilson's drug store? Surely the hand tub. There are plenty of men in this town that attend a fire that would willingly help work it. Its working gear is as good as ever it was, and the select men ought to see to it that it is put in running order and when it is needed it will be all ready. We would like to hear from others on this. Berlin now averages a fire a week, and something has got to be done to put its "fire fighting business" in better order. The wheels of the engine are now on one of the hose carts.

One of the most remarkable cures of rheumatism on record is related by Mr. J. M. Thompson, post master at Decker's Point, Pa., as follows: "While out driving one day last winter I was caught in a cold rain. The next morning I was unable to move my head or arms, owing to an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. My clerk telephoned for a physician, but suggested that I use Chamberlain's Pain Balm, there being a bottle open on the counter. He rubbed the affected parts thoroughly with Pain Balm and built up a hot fire. I dozed off to sleep and when I awoke about half an hour later the pain had gone entirely, and I have not been troubled since. People come here from many miles around to buy Chamberlain's medicines." For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel, and G. O. Jones, Bryant's Pond.

NOTICE.

Ordered that the time for the reception of Petitions and bills for private and special legislation be limited to Monday, February 1st, 1897, and that all petitions and bills presented after that date be referred to the next legislature.

Read and passed.

W. S. COTTON, Clerk.

A true copy, Attest:

W. S. Cotton, Clerk.

My Mamma gives me
BROWN'S INSTANT RELIEF,
For Coughs, Colds, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Croup, Sore Throat, Diphtheria, etc.
I THINK IT IS REAL NICE TO TAKE.
Prepared by NORWAY MEDICINE CO., Norway, Me.

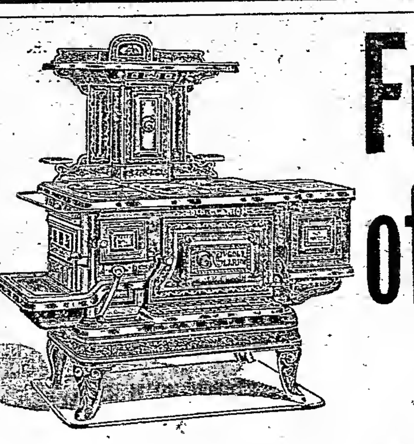
NEW DRESS GOODS
THE LATEST NOVELTIES AT POPULAR PRICES.
Blankets, Hosiery, Underwear,
Small wares and Domestics
at prices that we know
are right.
COME IN AND LOOK OVER OUR STOCK.
G. P. BEAN,
Cor. Church & Main Sts.,
BETHEL, - MAINE.

MY STOCK
is now complete in all lines.
Clothing, Ulsters & Fur Coats, Hats, Fur or Scotch caps
for men and boys.
Men's outside Shirts & Flannels from the cheapest to the best Camel's Hair.
The best Stock of Men's, Women's and Children's BOOTS, SHOES, and RUBBERS to be found in town.
75 doz. Handkerchiefs from 2 cts to 50 cts. each.
Ladies' Fur Muffs and Tippets. Hosiery and Gloves.
Ladies' and Gent's Mackintoshes, Trunks, Bags and Valises.
Flour and Groceries at the lowest prices.
Bed Blankets from 50 cents each to $5.00 per pair.
Ladies' Jackets and Capes to be closed out cheap.
GEYLON ROWE,
Bethel, Maine.

Notice!
This is to give notice that I have purchased the meat business of D. D. Matheson of Bethel and shall continue at the old stand.
I shall constantly keep on hand a good supply of
FRESH MEAT,
FISH, . . .
OYSTERS, ETC.
And shall be ready to serve Mr. Matheson's old customers at all times.
Shall run cart every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
....JOHN YATES,
32tf Bethel, Me.

Ripans Tabules: at druggists.
Ripans Tabules cure torpid liver.
Ripans Tabules cure indigestion.
Ripans Tabules: gentle cathartic.

ENVELOPES A full package of 25 of our best envelopes for only 5 cents. We have 15 or 20 varieties and you can have your choice for a nickle. News Pub. Co.


Full Stock of Stoves.
See
Our line of Fancy Glassware, Crockery, etc. Parlor lamps, Cups and Saucers, Pretty Dishes, etc., are our specialties.
HASTINGS BRO'S.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING
Can be obtained in but few places,
THE NEAREST YOU
can come to this in Oxford County is at the ware room of the BETHEL CHAIR CO. where you can purchase fine
OAK CHAMBERSUITS
FORMERLY SOLD FOR 40 TO $50
FOR $20. AND $25.
We handle all our goods from first hands directly from Factory
We also keep in stock
AT BOTTOM PRICES
Spruce Boards, Joists, Lathes,
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Wool Gathering
is the starting point of Clothing, which begins with the sheep and ends in our store. We gather the best suits and overcoats that wool and expert workmanship can produce. The way it's made and what it is made of gives our clothing value. In wool there is wear also in our clothing because it is made of wool. Of course all our clothing is not all wool. But whether it is all wool or not, we tell you exactly what it is. If it is an all wool suit we say so and if it is part cotton we will tell you it is part cotton. And our prices are much the lowest. At this time of year your dollars will buy a great deal. We have a large assortment of
Youths' and Boys' Overcoats and Ulsters
to close out at low figures. It will pay you to clothe your boy now.
Money Back if not Suited.
H. B. FOSTER,
NORWAY, - MAINE.
Opera House Block.

My Stock Consists of
Spruce Dimensions, Lathes, Clapboards, Shingles, Bass, Whitewood, No. Carolina, Norway, Spruce Western and Sap Pine Sheathing.
Doors and Door Frames,
Outside and Inside Thresholds, Windows, Window Frames, Stool Caps, Band Casings, Sur base, Weights and Cord.
Cedar Sash and Frames, Blinds and Blind Trimmings. Screen Doors, Whitewood Mantle Shelves, Hood Brackets, Framing Pins, &c. Window Screens made to order. Piazza Posts (Whitewood and Pine), Turned and Sawed Balustrade Newel Posts, Stair Rail and Balusters. Yellow Birch, Rock Maple, So. Rift Pine and Spruce Flooring, Western Pine, Cypress, Sycamore, Mahogany, Quartered Oak, Whitewood, Gum, Black Walnut, Oregon Cedar, Cherry, California Redwood and Native woods in stock.
H. L. HORNE,
TELEPHONE CONNECTION. Norway, Me.

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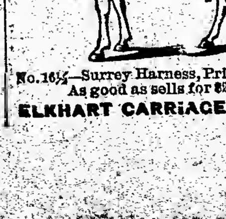
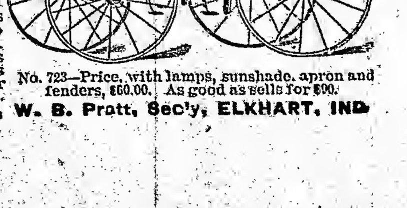

but have sold direct to the consumer for 23 years, at wholesale prices, saving them the dealers' profits. Ship anywhere for examination before sale. Everything warranted. 100 styles of Carriages, 90 styles of Harness. 41 styles Riding Saddles. Top Buggies as low as $35. Phaetons as low as $55. Spring Wagons $31 to $50. Send for large catalogue.
No. 16½—Surrey Harness. Price $14.50. As good as sells for $20.

No. 723—Price, with lamps, sunshade, apron and fenders, $60.00. As good as sells for $90.
ELKHART CARRIAGE & HARNESS MFG. CO., W. B. Pratt, Sec'y, ELKHART, IND.

OSWALD AND ARMSTRONG.

Here is a New Ad This Week.

We Are Having a Perfect Scramble for these Trades.

Black Figured Dress Goods, worth 25 cents per yard, for **15c.**

Figured Worsted Challies 28 in. wide, fast colors, never before sold for less than 25c yd. Only **9c.**

Printed Pongees in dark and light grounds fast colors. Always sold for 19c. yd, Our price **7½c.**

42 inch German Novelty Dress Goods, retailed elsewhere at 50c. yd Our price only **25c.**

All Wool Imperial Serges, 46 in. wide, former price 75c. yd. Now being sold at **48c.**

BOOK DEPARTMENT, SPECIAL.

Handy Classic Series, 25 different titles, a 25c. book for **10c.**

E. P. Roe's Barriers Burned Away, Original Belle, Young Girls Wooing, Opening Chestnut Burr. Amelia Barr's Jan Vedders Wife, and Border Shepardess, **25c.**

Ladies' Black Woolen Hose. Per pair **12½c.**

Ladies' Fleece Lined Jersey Vests and Pants, worth 25c. each, for **19c.**

Ladies' Black Worsted Mittens reduced from 39c. per pair to **25c.**

Ladies' Ready Made Black Figured Dress Skirts, usually sold at $4, lined through out and bound with Velveteen binding, only **2.75** EACH.

Best Apron Check Ginghams. Per yard, **5c.**

Good Yard wide Sheeting **4c.**

Pillow Tubing, requires no seaming, 42 in. wide usually sold at 16c. yd. now **10c.**

Big Bargains in Cloaks, Garments, Mackintoshes, Blankets, Underwear, Hosiery, and Corsets.

When ordering goods mention NEWS.

AGENTS FOR BUTTERICK PATTERNS.

OSWALD & ARMSTRONG,

LEWISTON, ME.

CARPETS CAN BE BOUGHT BY MAIL.

We sell a great many Carpets by Sending Samples to Select from. You may want to buy one that way.

ALL WOOL CARPETS.
Per yard, 45c., 55c. & 60c.

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Per Yard 15c., 20c. & 25c.

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We make a specialty of Carpets, Rugs and Draperies. MAIL ORDERS receive prompt attention.

THE ATKINSON FURNISHING CO.
LEWISTON, ME.

☞ *We Pay the Freight:*

A FAMOUS YACHT'S FATE.

Commodore Colt's Dauntless, Anchored, a Floating Memorial.

Full many a large and handsome yacht has lost her owner because he has tired of her, or, again, because a reduced income forced him to abandon the extravagant luxury, but here is one that, losing her master by his untimely death, has been specially provided for in her declining years. Steadfast unto the end, she was not sold off for half price to get rid of her, but, like a faithful dog or horse that has outlived its days of usefulness, has been allowed to finish out her life in quiet repose.

It is only a few years ago that the schooner yacht Dauntless was one of the very stanchest boats afloat. In a race across the Atlantic with the Coronet she did herself proud. Her commander was a commodore, and her graceful form was a familiar figure in the great yachting world. Now, with sails forever furled, with pennants hauled down for the last time and housing canvased over, she tugs at an anchor that seems destined never to rise again.

The master whom she thus serves in spirit was in life Commodore Caldwell H. Colt, the only child of the late Colonel Samuel Colt, the arms manufacturer. He died at Punta Gorda, Fla., about three years ago, while off on a cruise. This circumstance, together with his fondness for the boat, led his wealthy mother to preserve it, though no longer of use, just as others lay away in a drawer the toys of dead children. So it is that the yacht idles her life away, a silent memorial. In further remembrance of the dead man's yachting career the new Colt memorial house in Hartford, costing several hundred thousand dollars, bears on its facade a beautiful reproduction of the Dauntless in sculptured stone and many other suggestions of the sea.

Anchored off Essex, a few miles up from the mouth of the Connecticut river, the good old yacht is now living out her life of ease. It is said that she will never again go into commission—certainly not so long as the mother lives. The spot is quiet, secluded and all that a retired favorite could ask for in her old age, and the same waters that lap her side flow, 40 miles up stream, within a stone's throw of the celebrated factory whose machinery produced the wealth that purchased and maintained the boat.—Brooklyn Eagle.

QUALITY IN OUR SOCIETY.

An English Visitor Finds Classes More Distinct Than In England.

We have known Mrs. C. of Fifth avenue for some years, and during her annual visit to London have improved the acquaintance of this charming little lady. She has all the fascination of the attractive American woman. She is surprised and apparently delighted to see us, inquires how long we have been over and thinks it "too bad" that we have not been sooner to call. She is dispensing afternoon tea to a young man whom she introduces. His name is familiar as that of a family of millionaires, and as such is entitled to respect. He is quiet and reserved, bows low to each of us in turn and talks in a subdued voice through his even, white teeth. Only a tone here, an inflection there, betray the fact that he is an American. His phrases are carefully chosen and are rather superlative—curiously in contrast with the quietness and apathy of his voice and manner. I take him to be a type of the society man.

Mrs. C. is also a type. Her vivacity is contagious and her conversation unflagging. She passes lightly from one subject to another. Everything she says is worth listening to. They are both as different from ordinary middle class Americans as are the English upper classes distinct from the lower. It is a study in human nature that people speaking the same language, living in the same city, influenced by the same feelings, should be, in all things, so utterly dissimilar as those who compose society and those who do not. It is not a question of education.—E. M. Harting in London Queen.

KEPT HIS WORD.

A Supernatural Voice Was Heard In the Composing Room.

The talk had turned to the supernatural, and a man who has been the foreman of a newspaper composing room for a good many years down in Virginia told the following story in the presence of a reporter: "There used to be a young fellow by the name of Blank, who worked at a case in —— office. He was a nimble typesetter and a very nice kind of a boy. But he would wander about the country. That, you know, is a characteristic of the typesetting fraternity. I never liked the habit and never indulged in it to any considerable extent myself. I told him one day that he would come to a bad end.

"'If ever I am in trouble, I will call on you, Frank,' he replied generally.

"Well, one day he came to me, and throwing his stick on the imposing stone said that he was going to leave the office and go to Norfolk. I tried to dissuade him, but all to no purpose. He was a headstrong fellow, and that settled it. About a week later I was busy at the forms, getting the inside pages ready to send to the cellar. The clock in the city hall had just struck midnight. Suddenly I heard my name called. I thought it was one of the boys in the office who was calling, and I made no immediate reply. Again I heard some one call in a very distinct voice. This time I recognized it as Blank's voice.

"'Blank is out in the street, and he is calling you, Frank,' said one of the compositors.

"I walked over to the front window, threw up the sash and peered out. The street was silent and deserted. Not a living thing was to be seen.

"'What do you want, Blank?' I called out.

"There was no reply. I shut the window and went back to the page which I had been making up.

"'I thought that I heard Blank's voice,' I said to my assistant.

"'So you did,' he replied. 'We all heard him call.'

"And so they had. The next day a telegram reached the office saying that Blank had been run over and killed by a train near Norfolk about midnight. Blank had kept his word. He called on me when he was in trouble. He probably died calling for me."—Washington Star.

A LETTER FROM DR. HOLMES.

He Tells a Little Girl of an Adventure When He Was a Boy.

Isabella Graham Murdock contributes to St. Nicholas an experience of her school day life, in which she quotes the following interesting letter that she received from Oliver Wendell Holmes:

BOSTON, March 15, 1880.

MY DEAR MISS ISABELLA—Here is one little incident of my life which I have never told in print:

When I was a little boy, I got upon a raft one day—a few boards laid together—which floated about in a pond—a very small pond, but rather bigger round than a dinner table. It was big enough, anyhow, to drown a little boy, and came pretty near doing it, for, while I was stooping over the edge of the raft, I slipped and went souse into the water.

I remember a great sound in my ears—"guggle, guggle," I said it was, when they asked me about it—and a desperate struggle, feeling that I was going to be drowned, just as little Sam Childs had been, and then all at once my whole past life seemed to flash before me as a train of cars going a thousand miles an hour—if such a speed were possible—would pass in one long crowded streak before the eyes of a person standing by the railroad.

I had never heard that this was a common experience with persons who are near drowning, but I have since heard of many cases where the same flash of their past lives has come before drowning people who have been rescued and have told about it.

You may put this story in your essay, if you like.

I get a great many letters from young persons, and it takes a great deal of my time to answer them, so I think I am quite good natured this evening to tell you all this. Don't you think so, dear Miss Isabella? Very truly yours,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The Horned Rattlesnake.

The oddest specimen of the snake family known to the American naturalist, not taking into consideration the two headed snake and other monstrosities of that ilk, is the horned rattlesnake, which up to a few years ago was thought to be one of the rarest as well as one of the most poisonous of serpents. Prior to the time when Dr. C. Hart Merriam made the famous Death valley exploring expedition, in 1892 3, but few specimens of it, and those mostly from the western desert regions, had been collected. The Death valley explorers say that Death valley is literally alive with them. They have horns on top of their heads and are the smallest rattlers known.—St. Louis Republic.

State News.

Telegraph business is said to be the dullest ever known, a sure sign of business depression.

Norway Division, Sons of Temperance, has given up its charter, as no meetings have been held for some time.

The dry house of the Portland Star match factory was damaged by fire, Jan. 7, to the amount of $2500; not insured.

On Monday, Jan. 18, at a session of the Legislature a dozen petitions were received, asking for the right for municipal suffrage for women.

Alfred J. Hurd of Biddeford, who was sentenced last spring to the state prison for life for the murder of his father, is violently insane.

At the meeting of the stockholders of the Bridgton and Saco R. R. Co., the action of the directors in voting to extend the road to Harrison, five miles, was ratified with unanimity.

Wm. L. Blake of the firm of W. L. Blake & Co., of Portland has presented the new St. Lawrence St. church, Portland, a fine chime of bells, the largest weighing 2500 pounds and the smallest 200 pounds.

In one of our towns the people are so healthy that a physician cannot by his profession alone make a living, and the sick and well alike, contribute a certain sum yearly, outside money paid as fees, to keep him there.

Leslie A. Kenison was arraigned in the superior court at Portland, Jan. 16 on the charge of assault with a dangerous weapon on Mark M. Bachelor, at Sebago. He was also arraigned for perjury. He pleaded not guilty to both charges.

Mrs. Alice, wife of Prof. H. E. Trefethen of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, died Jan. 5, after a three days' illness of pneumonia. She was respected and beloved by all who knew her, and her loss falls heavily upon her husband and family of small children.

The pack of Maine sweet corn has been much reduced of late, the demand being steady, while stocks drawn upon were small. What is left unsold is firmly held, while the tendency towards higher prices for the coming year's pack is more pronounced than ever. There is a little higher price on tomatoes.

Frank J. Palmer of Parsonsfield, aged 16, was sentenced Monday to state prison for life, after pleading guilty to the murder of Mrs. Betsey Hobbs of West Parsonsfield. He says he is resigned to his fate, and that the murder was planned while under the influence of liquor. His accomplice, Chas. B. Savage Jr., of Effingham, N. H., aged 20, was sentenced for six years.

The Eleventh Annual Report of the Maine Eye and Ear Infirmary with adjunct clinics for other diseases in the out-patient department from Nov. 1, 1895, to Nov. 1, 1896, has been received. We notice on the first page that the infirmary was founded to maintain a daily clinic for gratuitous treatment of diseases of the poor who are unable to pay. The medical staff receive no pay for doing this work; therefore persons able to pay for the services they may require, should not accept this charity, which is supported by voluntary contributions. In the Treasurer's report, we notice that $21,000 was expended during the year. Some $5,000 of this was for improvements and furnishings. We also notice that for eleven years $226,000 has been expended. Out of this large sum, nearly $14,000 has been expended for free beds. These figures hardly convey to the mind the vast amount of work which has been necessary to bring these sums together and expend them, nor do they convey to the mind the vast amount of relief which must have been given to the poor of the state in the preserving and restoring of sight and hearing. Certainly among our benevolent institutions, the Maine Eye and Ear Infirmary has secured and seeks to hold its place among the first, and we believe that the state can make no better use of its money than to continue the annual appropriation asked for by the Trustees of that institution.

Grant's Lesson to a Sentry.

General Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning with Grant" in Century, relates an anecdote telling how General Grant aided a drover in turning his cattle. General Porter adds: He knew, of course, that the man did not recognize him. If he had supposed the man was lacking in proper military respect, he would perhaps have administered to him the same lesson which he once taught a soldier in the Twenty-first Illinois, when he commanded that regiment. An officer who had served under him at the time told me that Colonel Grant, as he came out of his tent one morning, found a strapping big fellow posted as sentinel, who nodded his head good naturedly, smiled blandly and said, "Howdy, colonel!" His commander cried, "Hand me your piece," and upon taking it faced the soldier and came to a "present arms." Then handing back the musket he remarked, "That is the way to say 'How do you do' to your colonel."

TRUE'S PIN WORM ELIXIR Best for Children

ALPINE HERDSWOMEN.

They Wore Trousers Before Bloomers Were Heard Of.

Long before the days of bloomers women on the higher level of the Alps wore trousers, and no one thought anything about it. The Alpine women wear the bifurcated garment for utility and not for beauty, as one may judge if he or she has seen one of these girls. Comeliness and the Alpine herdswomen are far apart, but the style of the garments they wear and the hard life that is theirs are at the root of the trouble.

These women have little of the grace and agility seen in the maidens of Norway. They will leap across chasms with nonchalance, but there is nothing wild and free about their movements. While she is talking to you the Alpine herdswoman is quite apt to thrust out an ungainly leg, plant a heavy boot on the neck of a goat and stand thus while she converses.

With the exception of the blacks who endure a life of hunger in the interior of Africa there is hardly any one in the world who fares so badly as the herds men and women of Switzerland. They cannot afford to eat the berries they find on the mountain side, and they cannot afford to drink the milk supplied by their flocks. Their fare is meat that has been dried, salted and turned into unsavory leather, rye bread that is like blackened cinders and cabbage stalks in pickle, that contain about as much nutriment as a walking stick. Hungry as the herdswoman may be on her return home, she must eat but sparingly of these dainties, for fear they should come to an end before another trip to the valley can be made.

These women breakfast at 2 in the morning and then answer the response of the cattle lowing at the door of the chalet, begging to be attended to and driven up to some favorite Alp. They eat again some 12 or 14 hours later, when the weary tramp back to the chalet is about to begin. Between times, with sickles, they reap the long, coarse Alpine grasses, which are to serve as food for the cattle during the winter.

This grass is bound into bundles as large as the women themselves and carried on their backs down to the homesteads. The winter firewood is brought the same way. The chalet, the home of one of these women, is the most picturesque of any peasant's dwelling place, but inside it is not desirable. It is usually perched on the crags of the Oberland and is dark, for the windows are constructed not so much to admit light as to keep out the heavy snows of the winter. In one corner is a low, broad platform with sacks of hay and a couple of blankets upon it. The less luxurious dispense with the blankets and the herdswoman usually goes to rest in the same attire she wore during the day. In the autumn, when the cattle are driven down for the last time, a dance is given by the herdsmen and the women, and on these occasions the girls exchange their trousers for the usual skirt.—Kansas City Times.

A Marvelous Feat of Memory.

Maretus tells us that during his travels over Europe he met the "marvel of marvels" at Padua. The marvel in question was a young Corsican, who was in the city for the purpose of pursuing his studies at the university. Maretus, having heard that the young man was gifted with an extraordinary memory, desired to put the student to the test.

The person who had informed the traveler concerning the wonderful retentiveness of the young Corsican's memory declared that he was so gifted in that faculty that he could repeat as many as 36,000 words if read over to him but once. Maretus and three distinguished Venetians agreed to test the accuracy of the statement. A committee visited the student of extraordinary memory and found him willing to submit to the ordeal. Accordingly there was read over to him an almost interminable list of words strung together without any consecutive order and without any meaning whatever.

The young man stood all the time with his attention deeply fixed and his eyes half closed. When the long string of words had been read off, he looked up cheerfully and repeated the whole of the uninteresting catalogue of words without a single fault. Then, to show how carefully his wonderful memory had retained every word, he went through the list backward. When that task was finished, he took each alternate word—first, third, fifth, etc.—and repeated them until the company was thoroughly convinced that they were in the presence of the most wonderful prodigy of memory that the world had ever produced.—St. Louis Republic.

An Effective Remedy.

A charming young woman of Detroit recently sprained her ankle by a hasty jump from her bicycle. She was laid up for a couple of weeks, during which time she was wholly incapacitated for walking, or even riding, being confined to a sofa like the heroine in a last century novel.

Finally the family considered the sprain of enough consequence to call in the family doctor, who is a distinguished surgeon. He was out of patience with anything so trivial as a sprain when he was daily concerned in scientific operations of the most important character, and his first performance was to give the sprained foot a vicious twist in a surgical way to find out if any bones were broken. Then he said:

"Get up and walk!"

"But, doctor, I cannot take a step."

"Get up and walk!"

There was nothing for the patient to do but obey, and she stepped lamely forth.

"You're not walking; you are limping," said the doctor. "Walk!"

She managed bravely to walk to the next room, and the doctor took his hat to leave.

"But, doctor, you have not given me any prescription."

"Walk," said the doctor, "then walk. Don't send for me again unless your foot needs amputating. Goodby!"

Now the patient is walking as well as she ever did.—Detroit Free Press.

Truth Crushed to Earth.

Two fair young girls sat in a dainty boudoir gazing into each other's eyes.

"We are such good friends, Marcia," said one, "and we can afford to say to each other just what we think. Now, I have such a splendid scheme. Suppose we start out today by telling each other the exact truth, without regard to any question of politeness."

"How perfectly lovely, Lobelia!" cooed the younger girl of the two. "Let's begin right away. What do you think of me?"

"I think," said Marcia, "that you are almost as pretty as you think you are and when you don't try to be you are the most charming girl in the world."

"How awfully good of you!" rejoined the other. "And do you know that when you came in I was thinking that you looked just like one of those big feather dusters which had taken a notion to walk? Only your feet are so very large that the illusion was not quite perfect."

Two disheveled young women, with their faces cross lined by scratches, were taken out of that aristocratic mansion five minutes later and hurried in an ambulance to the nearest hospital.—New York Herald.

A Kipling Portrait.

He (McPhee) was never a racing engineer and took special pride in saying as much before the Liverpool men, but he had a knowledge of machinery and the humors of ships that he had worked 32 years to gain. One side of his face had been wrecked through the bursting of a pressure gauge in the days when men knew less about pressures than they do now, and his nose rose grandly out of the wreck like a club in a public riot. There were cuts and lumps on his head, and he would guide your forefinger through his short iron gray hair and tell you how he had come by his trademarks. He owned all sorts of certificates of extra competency, and at the bottom of his cabin chest of drawers, where he kept the photograph of his wife, were two or three Royal Humane society medals for saving lives at sea.

Professionally—it was different when crazy steerage passengers jumped overboard—professionally McPhee does not approve of saving life at sea, and he has often told me that a new hell is prepared for stokers and trimmers who sign for a strong man's pay and fall sick the second day out. He believes in throwing boots at fourth and fifth engineers when they wake him up at night with word that a bearing is redhot all because a lamp's glare is reflected red from the twirling metal. He believes that there are only two poets in the world, one being Robert Burns, of course, and the other Gerald Massey. When he has time for novels, he reads Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade, chiefly the latter, and he knows whole pages of "Very Hard Cash" by heart. In the saloon his table was next to the captain's, and he drank only water all the while his engines worked.—Rudyard Kipling in McClure's.

Costly Etiquette.

The latest pamphlet published by the commission of historical manuscripts in London contains the following interesting and curious travesty on etiquette: "The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, having been summoned to appear before the house of lords in 1692 in order to plead their suit for divorce, it was debated whether the lord chancellor, sitting as chairman, should lower his dignity by bowing to the duchess and speaking to her only with his cap in his hand. This question was argued for several days in the house of lords until debate exhausted itself and several duels resulted. At length it was decided that the lord chancellor should first receive the bows of the duke and duchess and return them with uncovered head and after that he should replace his cap." This rule was followed to the letter and is still adhered to today when similar contingencies arise.

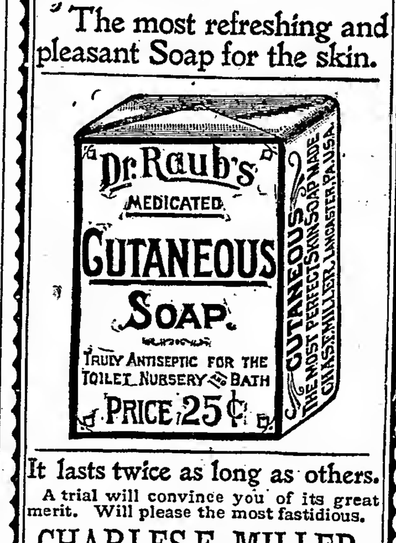
Biliousness

Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache, insomnia, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

"Nothing else like it:"

The most refreshing and pleasant Soap for the skin.



It lasts twice as long as others.

A trial will convince you of its great merit. Will please the most fastidious.

CHARLES F. MILLER,
Mfr. of FRENCH MILLED TOILET SOAPS AND PERFUMERY,
Lancaster, Penn.
ESTABLISHED, 1849.

NIAGARA BICYCLES

CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

Reliable Agents Wanted.

BUFFALO WHEEL CO.,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

PROTECT YOUR FAMILY.

No man can afford to be without Insurance.

The United Order of Pilgrim Fathers offers the best.

NO RISKS OUT OF NEW ENGLAND.

Rates are very low. Payments of Losses Prompt.

There is a good Colony in Bethel which is increasing in membership continually.

You should become a member. Why don't you inquire into it? You will surely join after learning its advantages.

Information and circulars gladly given by J. C. BILLINGS, Governor, or E. C. PARK, Sec'y.

DR. J. B. KENDALL'S

BLACKBERRY BALSAM!

A SURE CURE FOR

Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cholera and all Summer Complaints.

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Enosburgh Falls, Vt.
PRICE 25 CTS.
For Sale by R. E. L. Farwell.

SOMETHING - NEW.

2 GOOD GAMES 2

Highly entertaining and Instructive.

HISTO-GEO. This game, as its name suggests, is instructive, both in geography and history. Is very pleasing, and a good sharpener of wits. Not only will it prove beneficial to the young people, but older members of the family might very profitably spend some of the long, winter evenings in playing Histo-Geo.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. A game similar to Authors, but the "books" are made up of characters and incidents from the charming old allegory whose name it bears. No previous knowledge of the book is necessary in playing the game.

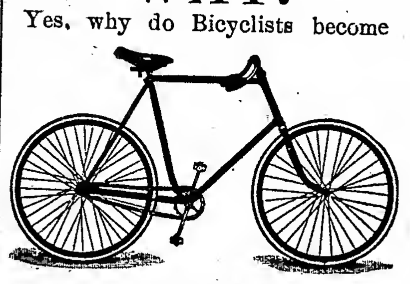
Either Histo—Geo or Pilgrim's Progress for only 25 cents. For sale at

The News Office.

Sent post-paid to any address on receipt of price. Address
NEWS PUBLISHING CO.,
Bethel, Me.

WHY?

Yes, why do Bicyclists become



KEATING ENTHUSIASTS?

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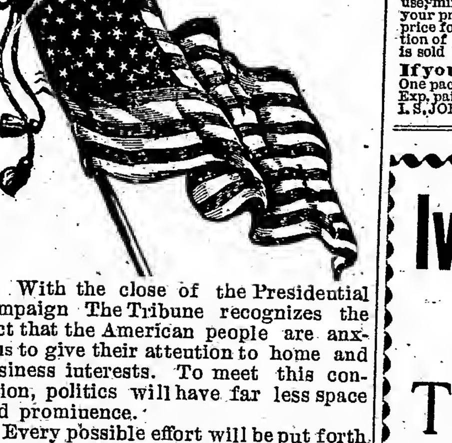

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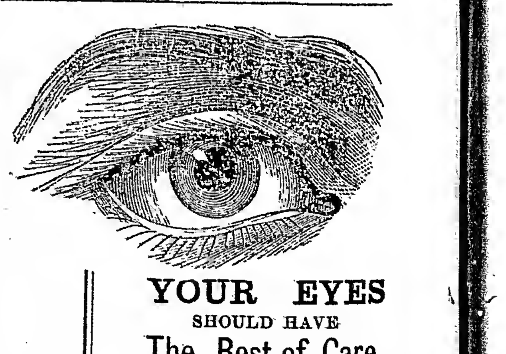

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WEDNESDAY, La Wednesday evenin
FRIDAY, Prayer
SATURDAY, Junio

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CONGREGATI

Rev. Israel Jordan
SUNDAY SERVIC Sunday School 12 Prayer Meeting 7.0 Prayer Meeting 7.3

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